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Recitations, Drills and Plays for Children

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By
BERTHA IRENE TOBIN



BOSTON
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FIRST PART

**RECITATIONS FOR SMALL
CHILDREN**

THE NEW CAR

Daddy's got an automobile,
And it can surely go!
It's the fastest one in this here town.
I'll tell you it's not slow!
Johnny's father's got one too,
And he thinks it a good one,
But my! it can't compare with ours,
Not for a good long run!

Daddy's got an automobile,
And he'll teach me to run it.
He teased me so 'bout being afraid,
Till I told him: "Not one bit!
Afraid? Well, I just guess I'm not.
I'm big enough, you know."
And Dad said: "Yes." But Mother—
She nearly fainted though.

"Oh, Daddy, don't let Billy try.
I'm sure he'll ditch us all.
Oh, Daddy, careful! Not so fast."
Now that's the way she'll bawl.
But Daddy, it don't worry him,
He just keeps teasing so,
And tells her: "You'll be a-running
This car yourself first thing you know."

Daddy's got an automobile,
And I'll soon learn to run it,
And how to go around a curve,
And a rut—just how to shun it.
Then when I get older, see?
I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll have a great big airplane
And learn to fly it, wouldn't you?

JIM'S COMPLAINT

I tell you I'm not a little baby,
If Fred does say I am,
And leaves me home all by myself
While he goes off with Sam.
Fred thinks that he's a grown-up man,
But he isn't, not a bit!
You wait till I get big as him,
And then I'll be the "it."

He tells me, "Oh, you little kid,
You're too small to go with me.
Why you're a regular nuisance!
Now, you stay home, Jim, see?"
Gee! That makes me mad, it does!
And I'll just show him some day
That small boys are not babies
And not always in the way.

Humph! There he goes now,Smarty!
Going to skate, I know.
I guess I'll follow after him,—
But then I can't skate though.
What'd I care anyway? He's just as mean
As mean as mean can be!
But I'll get even with him
If it takes forever, see?

Some day when I get bigger,
I'll just pass him right by,
And then he'll be sorry that he
Ever acted so. For my,
I'll be a big man then! And Fred,
Maybe he won't be at all,
And—oh, what's the use of complaining?
Mother, where's my ball?

A FOUR YEAR OLD

I'm only a little girl, you say.
I'm only four years old to-day.
But if I am small, I'll let you know
That I am "*mighty*," my dad said so!

He said I was like the four-leaf clover
I found when at play in the yard with Rover,
I bring good luck to all who are near,
And when I'm good, I'm a "regular dear."

My dad said that good luck was ever found
Whene'er there's a good little girl around.
And so you see if I am so small,
I'll bring the best of good luck to you all.

It is nice to find a four-leaf clover,
And I think I'll hunt again with Rover,
And then the clover will bring to me,
More good luck to give to you, see?

SLEEP, DOLLY, SLEEP!

(For a little girl. She enters carrying a doll in her arms, and stands talking to it, until she asks, "Why, are you sleepy, dolly?" then she sits and rocks doll in arms. Rises on first line of last verse, places doll on chair, covers it, then exits.)

Don't you like my dolly?
I think she's very fair.
Her eyes are blue, you see,
And golden is her hair.

Oh, she is such a good dolly.
She minds everything I say.
All I have to tell her is,
"Now don't do that, Miss May!"

Why, are you sleepy, dolly?
Well, come and go to sleep.
Here, lie down now in my arms—
No, dolly mustn't weep!

Listen, now, I'll sing to you,
Just like Mamma does to me.
Go on to dreamland, my dolly dear,
That's where you ought to be.

(Sings the following to tune of "Baby's Boat's a Silver Moon.")

Mamma's dolly, go to sleep.
Close your eyes, now do!
Mamma loves her dolly dear,
Loves her very true.

Sleep, dolly, sleep,
Don't you dare to weep!
Close your eyes and soon you'll be
Fast asleep, you see!

(Speaks again.)

Now my dolly is asleep.
Guess I'll lay her here,
And cover her up so nicely.
Good-night, my dolly dear.

NOT ALL BAD LUCK

Gee, I believe it's going to rain.
 There's clouds over in the West.
 Mother says that it's no matter,
 That whatever comes is best!
 But someway I don't always see it,
 No, I don't think I do!
 For I'm sure that I'd much rather
 Have that sky up there all blue.

We are going to have our ball-game
 This afternoon at three,
 Over on the old school campus;
 Now, it will rain, oh gee!
 I hate to wallow round in the mud;
 Can't play half as well, I know,
 As when the ground is hard and dry—
 But, then, neither can they, though.

Ours is the team that's best of all,
 Best of any near here.
 Those "Sunny Jims"—why they can't play.
 We can lick them, never fear!
 So let it rain if it wants to rain.
 My suit needs cleaning anyway,
 And I won't have to clean it now,
 For it will get muddy again to-day.

Let it rain, oh, I don't care!
 Who's worrying about it?
 I'm not, I'll have you notice!
 I'm not! You hear me shout it!
 There's no use to grumble anyway.
 It does no good to whine.
 And after all their team's so punk
 We can beat them, rain or shine!

PROUD MISTER TURKEY

Old Mister Turkey Gobbler
Held his head so high,
When a little maiden
Tried to pass him by.

Then she drew back in terror!
"Oh, Mister Turkey, say,
Do go away, now, won't you,
Please now do go away!"

But Mister Turkey Gobbler
Did not pay heed to her,
But strutted all the prouder,
And she was afraid, yes sir!

"Never mind, Old Gobbler,"
Then the maiden said,
"It will soon be Thanksgiving.
You'd better watch your head!"

But alas, for Mister Turkey,
No heed to her he paid,
So when Thanksgiving came,
Thus spake the little maid:

"I told him not to strut so,
Nor to hold his head so high,
But he just wouldn't listen
And so he had to die!"

SECOND PART

MONOLOGUES FOR YOUNGSTERS

THE SEWING SOCIETY

(*Four minutes*)

(*A monologue for a girl*)

The Sewing Society met with my mother the other day, and I just had the grandest time ever was, watching them. Some of them were awful nice and good to little girls, but others didn't pay any attention to me at all. Just looked past me as though I was the "grass under their feet." I heard Mrs. Hall say that once, and I say it sometimes, 'cause it makes me seem grown-up.

There was one woman that came and I didn't like her at all. Her name is Mrs. Overmuch, and I know this much, she can *talk* too much. This is just about the way that woman acted:

(*Impersonates an affected woman.*) Why, how-do-you-do, Mrs. Jones? How are you, anyway? Is this your little girl? I know though, she is, for she looks so much like your husband—has his turned-up nose and small eyes to a T, hasn't she? Oh, yes, and your freckles. Looks a little like you both in fact. (*Takes a step forward.*) How-do-you-do, Mrs. Bateman?—and Mrs. Adams—and if here isn't Mrs. Craig. (*Bows to R. and L.*) How-do-you all do? But where is Miss Linsey? She's always early for fear she will miss something. (*Sits down, spreading out her dress, very affectedly.*)

I never saw such a peculiar woman as Miss Linsey, anyway. Have you heard the latest about her? Well, you just wait until I get my sewing out (*Action.*) and I'll tell you. (*Rocks and sews.*) You all know that she is thought to be about the most hopeless old maid around here, and that her chances have been few and far between, if *any*. Well, if you'll believe me, she and old

man Wagner have been having a regular case, just acting like a couple of children. Oh, sh—sh—sh! There she comes! Why, how-do-you-do, Miss Linsey? What kept you so long? You don't say? A snake! Was it as large a one as that? Oh, I'm sure I don't see why you should be so frightened at a *small* snake.

(*Natural voice of child.*) That was all I heard her say, for I went out on an errand just then. But when I came back she was talking as hard as ever, and she was giving it to some one else then. But, anyway, I guess it was old man Wagner, for she said to Miss Linsey after a while:

(*Impersonates again.*) Oh, I see, Miss Linsey, when you screamed, he—Mr. Wagner came to your help. Oh, I understand, but after all, didn't you feel silly to have screamed at such a trifle as a tiny snake? (*Screams and jumps up.*) Oh, oh, oh, do look! O-o-o-o-o! A horrid snake, right under my chair. (*Jumps on chair, holds skirt tight.*) Oh, kill it, somebody. I never will dare to get down unless you do. Oh, oh! (*Turns suddenly.*) What are you laughing at, you rude child?—A toy snake? (*Gets down.*) Well, I think some children had better be raised properly. Mrs. Jones, I am completely unnerved, and will be forced to go home at once.

(*Child's own voice again.*) Oh, but she was mad. She just flung herself out of that house. But I ran after her and called: "Oh, I wouldn't be afraid of a little snake."

Oh, yes, of course I was punished and punished hard. But it was worth it just to see the way that mean old thing jumped. Oh, yes, I had put the snake there. That was why I went out while she was talking.

I had lost it in the yard, and didn't know where it was, till Miss Linsey said she saw one in the yard. So I got it and put it to good use. Oh, I didn't care if I did have to be punished, it was surely worth it.

A TRIP IN AN AUTOMOBILE

*(Three minutes)**(A monologue for a small girl)*

My Uncle Bob's got the finest new automobile you ever saw. It'll hold a great big lot of folks, and it has the nicest cushions to bump up and down on. Mamma says she don't like to bounce *quite* so high as we did once when we struck a mud-rut. But I do. You're sitting so still and all at once you go up in the air like a sky-rocket, and then you come down on the cushions bumpity, bump, bump! Just like this. (*Jumps up and down.*) Oh, I think that is just lots of fun.

I love autos anyway. They have such big bright lights. But, say, I think those lights look real scary, when they come at you in the dark—just like two *big eyes*. My papa said one time when the one coming towards us did not turn down their lights, that they were fierce. That he didn't blame horses for being afraid of them, 'cause that S-S-S—oh, who was it? Well, anyway, *somebody himself*, couldn't look worse coming at you with lights in his horns. I guess he meant a cow, don't you? 'Cause cows's got horns.

One day Uncle Bob took us all to the races at the fair. Papa sat in front with him and he looked at his watch and said we didn't have much time, and Uncle said yes, but that that was why he liked an automobile, they were so *sure*. You could get most any place on time, even if you did once in a while have to *burn* a little. Let me see, did he say burn?—I think that's it. Anyway, I know it sounded like clothes smell when Bridget gets mad 'cause the iron's too hot.

And we went so fast part of the time. But I liked the bumps and I liked the wind cutting my face. But just as we got a little past half-way, and were making

"such good time," Uncle said, something went z-z-z and "chu-chunk" and we stopped with a jerk, and I almost went out on my head, I did. Then they had to work on that machine, and Uncle got real mad, but at last we got to go on again. We got to the fair late, but got to see some of the races after all. But my papa said when we got home that he guessed he wouldn't get a car right now, for it was too hard on your nerves and temper. What'd he mean, I wonder? But I wish he would; for I like them, I do, even when we stop off short like that and everything.

PLAYING GRANDMA

*(Three minutes)**(A monologue for a small girl)*

(Enter, wearing a long skirt, pinned up high at waist-line, a cape or old-fashioned shawl thrown around shoulders. Hair rolled back and powdered. Walks in like an old woman, picks up spectacles and puts them on.)

Now, where did I put my knitting? I shouldn't wonder if that naughty child, Lulu, hadn't hidden it again. *(Hunts.)* I really do not see what Ruth will ever do with that child, she's such a dreadful little mischief. *(Finds knitting.)* Oh, here it is! Right under these papers. I just knew she'd hidden it. Bad, bad child! I really must tell Ruth to punish her. She's fast growing beyond her, I'm afraid.

(Sits and rocks as she tangles up knitting, hums an old hymn, her ball drops and rolls around on floor, she picks it up, tangling it more than ever.) These glasses are so dim I just cannot see anything. *(Cleans them.)* Here comes that child. Now, Lulu, you must not touch those books. Put that one right back. Right away, do you hear me? Now, do go out and play. Go on, I say, or I'll call your mother. *(Resumes knitting, yawns, then jumps up and begins to talk in natural voice.)* I'm tired of playing Grandma. Did you think I was really Grandma? I'm not. I'm Lulu, that *bad child*, you know. At least Grandma thinks I'm bad. I powdered my hair *(Shakes some on floor.)*, then I put on this shawl, and this long skirt. *(Takes them off, as she mentions them. She is just dressed as a little girl.)* Grandma's taking her nap. So I thought I'd see how it went just once to act like she does. Listen. There she comes. What'll I

do with these things? (*Rolls them hurriedly into a bundle and puts it by the door.*) Oh, she'll be hunting her glasses. I'll put them with her knitting and she will never know I've touched them. (*Jumps away from table, looks very innocent.*) Grandma, did you have a nice nap? Your glasses? I'll hunt them for you. Maybe you dropped them. (*Goes to table.*) Oh, here they are. Will you let me put them on for you? (*Action.*) My hair? Oh, I was just playing grown-up and I powdered it. No, Mother won't care, either. She lets me play it whenever I want to. No, she says the powder doesn't hurt my hair. See, it comes right out. (*Shakes head.*)

Your yarn's all tangled up? (*Very much surprised.*) How do you s'pose it ever got that way? My being so good now makes you s'picious of me tangling it? Why, Grandma, whatever would I do it for? (*Starts to edge toward door, where she put the bundle; stops.*) Oh, I know. I'll just bet that mean old Tabby-cat did it. I'll run right out and catch her, and scold her good and hard. Yes, I will. (*Snatches bundle hurriedly, while watching where Grandma is supposed to be sitting, then looks at audience and grins, and runs out.*)

BIG BROTHER

*(Three minutes)**(Monologue for a little girl)*

Oh, I have the meanest big brother there ever was. He teases me *dreadfully*. But he can be as nice as pie when he wants me to do something for him—run some errand, like as not. But I always know why he is honeying around and then I say: “Oh, you are too good to be true. What is it you want me to do? I am sorry, but I am very busy to-day. I haven’t time to do what you want, whatever it is.”

But if he would be good to me all the time I’d just love to be nice to him. But I’m not going to do all the being kind and good. Anyway, he’s bigger than I am, and Mother says he should “set an example for me!” Oh, my, if I followed his example, wouldn’t I be a *nice* little girl? What does he do? Why, everything. He is an awful tease.

The other day Bettie Brown was here and we were out in the garden playing “come and see” with our dolls. And Bettie had just been to call on me, and her doll had been naughty, and had to be spanked good and hard. And then as she was starting to take her home—not to her really home, you know, but her play, “make-believe,” I said:

“Come back again, Mrs. Brown, when your little girl can behave better. I’ll come over to your house for tea after a while, and bring my *good* child.”

“Well,” said Bettie, “I don’t know as my little girl is any worse than yours. I have known your child to behave in even a worse way. But come for tea, I’ll expect you.”

And she pretended that she was of-of-offended, and was starting to her house, about like this. (*Imitates a*

haughty walk, shrugging her shoulders, now and then.) Her house was over behind the rose-bush. Suddenly we heard Bob laugh and saw him run away from there. And you should have seen us run. We knew he had been up to something.

We had everything out on my little table for our tea-party. But Bob had been there and, as we were afraid, had eaten up our cake and bread and butter and everything we had fixed for our tea-party. He had even upset the table, and everything.

I just cried and screamed for Mother. She came out there and said Bob had been very naughty and that she would give him a "good talking to." And then she gave us another party. But that is the way I have it all the time. Sometimes I almost wish there weren't any big brothers in the world!

But, say, I think Bob needed a good, sound *thrashing*, instead of a "talking to." Don't you?

THE OTHER SIDE

*(Four minutes)**(Monologue for girl)**(She is dressed in shabby clothes, and is carrying school-books.)*

I'm only a poor little girl. But I know when I'm not being treated right, I do! I do not want to go on home this afternoon. The other girls are going on a picnic. There is a half-holiday from school, and oh, they will have a good time! But then I don't get to go. Oh, they were kind enough to ask me, but Mother felt that she could not afford to fix me any lunch. I just hate to be so poor, I do. It just isn't fair. *(Starts to cry, swallows hard a few times then tries to brighten up.)*

But I just won't cry about it. I'll see if I can think of something funny instead. *(Thinks, then laughs.)* Of course I can! Only this morning I had a laugh. I helped take Mrs. Benton's clothes home for Mother, and her little girl came running out to see me. She always does when I go there. I knew she had her tonsils and adenoids taken out last week. So I said, "And how is Gertrude this morning?" And she answered, "I'se all right. Tum in and see my new dolly. Daddy gave it to me, 'cause I'se a good little girl. I had my ag-e-noids out." And she said it so funny. She just wrinkled up her little nose and drawled out the word like it was a big mouthful, just like this: *(Imitate while repeating word, then laugh.)* "Ag-e-noids." Oh, she is so dear and funny.

Well, I must run on home. I have almost forgotten about my disappointment about not getting to go to the picnic. See? It isn't difficult to forget our troubles, if we only try hard enough to forget, and then to think of something else instead. It does no good to pout any-

way. So it's on home for me. I'll just start on and get it over with. I expect I can find something to do at home that'll be fun! And so I'm off! (*Starts off, then stops suddenly.*)

Why, Margaret, I thought you girls had all gone.—Not without me! But you see I cannot go. (*Embarrassed.*) I—I—I—you see—my mother—why—— What's that! You don't care about that? You have more than enough for two? And the others want me to go, too? Oh, how darling of you all. Of course I'll go! I came almost crying about it. I was so sorry for myself. But now, how glad I am that I did not cry! (*Goes off laughing.*)

GETTING HER LESSONS

*(Five minutes)**(A monologue for a girl ten or twelve years old)**(She has books on the table in front of her, and a tablet and pencil in her hand. She is working her arithmetic problems.)*

One and ten are eleven, and eight are nineteen and five are twenty-four, and—I'm tired of lessons anyway. Where was I? Oh, yes, twenty-four and eight? Twenty-four and eight? *(Calls.)* Mother, how much are twenty-four and eight?—Think it out myself? I have thought and thought. *(Puts hand to head.)* Twenty-four and eight. Well, I don't know what it is. *(Counts on fingers.)* Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two—that's it, thirty-two. Thirty-two and nine? Oh, I'm going to stop studying arithmetic and study my language. *(Puts one book on table and picks up another, turns the pages as if hunting lesson.)* What is the lesson anyway? I know, here it is. "Tell, or write, a story about some pet animal." We have to write our story. *(Studies.)* What will I write about? *(Picks up tablet and writes again, speaking slowly while writing.)*

We have a dog. His name is Rover. Rover will run and pick up a stick whenever I tell him to. Rover runs the cat. He don't seem to like cats very well. One day he chased our cat up a tree. Rover barked and growled, and the cat put up her back like she does when she is angry and just spit at him, she did. *(Speaks without writing.)* Now look what I have done, I went and put that "she did" at the end of that sentence, and now teacher will make me write it all over. She said she did not like me to use it that way, she did. There it goes

again. O dear! Anyway, I'm not going to write it all over now. I can't help it if I did leave that old cat up a tree! Suppose I can take it down when I decide to finish my language. (*Laughs.*)

I'm going to practise my music now. (*Calls.*) Mother, may I practise my music now?—No, Mother, not quite. I've my arithmetic and my language. I have my reading to do yet, but I'll finish it after I practise. (*Goes to piano, sits down, runs a scale or two, then whirls about on stool.*) Now I'm going to play I'm big sister and that I am to play the piano like she did at her recital last week. (*Rises, smooths hair and dress, goes to table and finds a powder-puff, shakes some powder over face, gets it in nose and eyes. Coughs and blows and makes a face.*) Whew! That stuff's awful. (*Calls.*) Yes, Mother, I am practising.—You don't hear me? Why, I—I—I'm studying the notes. (*Runs back to piano, smooths out dress, smiles and bows affectedly to audience, then plays a little piece, putting on many airs as she does so.*) That's the way my sister does it. (*Goes back to table and picks up a book.*)

Now I will study my reading-lesson and then I will be through.—Here it is. (*Stands in a careless, slouchy attitude, and reads in a sing-song voice and very rapidly.*)

“THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL
BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter “Little Prig.”
Bun replied:

“You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no—no ——”

(*Calls.*) Mother, what does d-i-s-g-r-a-c-e spell?

Disgrace? Oh, yes, that's it. What's that?—Why, Mother, I am *not* reading like that. I'm reading like we do at school.—Why, Mother, I am standing straight. (*Straightens up.*) Yes, Mother, I do know better and I will try again. And if I get it right, may I go out and play?—Thanks. (*Finishes the reading as well as she can read.*)

“And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ, all is well and wisely put.
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.”

(*Calls.*) Wasn't that better, Mother?—May I go now?—Thanks. (*Looking about.*) Where's my skates? (*Picks them up from a corner.*) Here they are. Now for some fun. (*Blows a kiss at books.*) Good-bye, old books. I'm very glad to leave you. (*Swings skates over shoulder and skips off.*)

GETTING EVEN

*(Three minutes)**(A monologue for a small girl)**(Enters wearing a play-suit and pushing a doll buggy.)*

My mother says I am a very bad little girl for running away. But I cannot see why. Every day she says that she must take our baby out for an airing. But goodness, she thinks I must not take my dolly out, oh no! *(Picks up doll.)* You're just as beautiful as our baby and you need the air just as much as she does. But every time I start out to take you for a tiny little stroll just by myself, Mother *rare*s, that's what she does. My father says "*rare*s," so I guess I can! *(Puts doll back in buggy.)*

Sometimes Mother sends Maggie after me. Maggie's our maid, and when Mother isn't looking, sometimes she just jerks my arm something fierce. *(Sits down on floor and pushes buggy back and forth.)* And when I tell Maggie that I am going to tell Mother on her, she says she will slap me if I do. But I'm going to get even with her, I am. I know how I can. I'm going to tell my mother and my father about that man I saw eating his supper in our kitchen one night. He ate an awful lot. I stood behind the door and watched him. He put a great big piece of potato on his knife and put it in his mouth, he did. I was so afraid that he would cut himself that I forgot I did not want them to know I was there and I ran out. "Oh, be careful, you'll cut yourself. Why don't you use your fork? And besides it is not polite to eat with your knife that way. I know."

That man just threw his head back and slapped his knees and laughed and laughed, like this—*(Imitates.)* But Maggie was awful cross. Said she would slap me

good for sneaking round watching. But then she gave me two cookies for not telling that man was there. I didn't tell, 'cause I wanted the cookies. I didn't tell *then*, that is. I'm going to tell some time though if she gets smart.

(*Jumps up.*) Oh, dolly, it is time we were running home. (*Listens.*) That's Maggie, sure enough. (*Calls.*) Yes, I'm coming. I 'tended to come all along. (*Reaches entrance, then jerks back.*) You just quit that jerking me, Maggie.—No, you won't slap me either. For if you do I'll tell Mother about that man.—Yes, I will, too.—Well, then, you let me be. No, you go first and I will come. (*Goes off, making a face, evidently at Maggie.*)

GETTING READY FOR THANKSGIVING

*(Two minutes)**(A monologue for a small girl)**(A small girl in a playroom, two dolls lying on a chair. The child begins to speak as she enters. She moves about the stage dusting and moving chairs.)*

To-morrow's Thanksgiving! We are going to have the family dinner here this year, and so we are very busy people. That's what Mother says. And I have to dust and straighten up my playroom. Mother says I must clean it so it will be as "neat as a pin." And that when Helen and Fred and Fay and the rest of my little cousins come, I must be an unselfish little girl and let them play in here with my things. That's all right. *(Goes to chair upon which the dolls are.)* Of course I do not intend to be selfish. But if Fred should be rough with you, my darling Angelina, and try to swing you by your lovely hair, like I saw him swing Helen's dolly once, I'll show him! *(Stamps foot.)* I won't have it, I can tell you.—Why, Angelina, did I frighten you? *(Sits and rocks dolly in her arms.)* There now, darling, I didn't mean anything dreadful. *(Sings any little song.)* Oh, you have forgotten it, now, haven't you? Why, you are sound asleep. I'll lay you over here in your little bed. *(Puts doll down carefully.)* There, you are all right. *(Listens, then runs to door.)* Yes, Mother? I'm coming. My playroom is all dusted now. *(Kisses dolls.)* Be good children until to-morrow. And be sure you are properly thankful that you have such a nice home as this. To-morrow is Thanksgiving, remember, and you must be very good.—Yes, I'm coming, Mother! *(Runs to door, then turns and throws kisses at dolls.)* Good-bye, dollies, dear.

FRIENDS

(*Three minutes*) :

(*Monologue for boy*)

My dog's named Jack! And he's the best dog I ever knew. Dad says that's not saying so much, for Jack's the only dog I ever had. But I don't care how he teases, I think Jack's a great dog anyway. And so would you if he's your dog, and if he had done as much for you as he has for me.—What'd he do? Why, just lots of things! He follows me almost everywhere I go, and he — To school? Well, no, he isn't allowed to go to school with me now. He went one time too many, Dad says, anyway!—Tell you about it? All right, I will.

You see, I go to a Centralized School, and we go in a school van. Jack used to follow along behind. Our house isn't so far from school, and Jack used to like the run. Then when we got there, he'd play with us kids till school opened, and then when we went in he seemed to know that he had to stay outdoors. That is, he would if the weather's good, but if it'd rain, he'd sneak into the hall. But he would be real still.

One day there was a rabbit ran across the yard and Jack saw it. Of course he started to run it. And that rabbit didn't do a thing but run through the hall and clear around our schoolroom. And when the kids saw it a-hopping in they just stood up and yelled! But that wasn't all. I guess Jack would have caught that rabbit all right if it hadn't been for teacher. She was writing our lesson on the blackboard, and so she had her back to the door. Of course she couldn't see the rabbit. That is, she *didn't*, even if Tommy Graham does say she has "eyes in the back of her head." But she heard the noise all right, and she whirled around and said: "Children, down in your seats this minute! What is the mat-

ter with you anyway? Down, I say!" Then *down* she went! Jack came along just then and he just knocked her over flat. And then he got all tangled up in the sash she was a-wearing, and he tore it. And then he lost track of the rabbit. For when he got loose it was gone. But he didn't care half as much about the rabbit as the teacher cared about him. Mad! That teacher was madder'n a wet hen!

"William Frazer Jones, you and your *dog* are excused! And you need not come back until you can apologize, and until you learn that school is no place for dogs!" And she just "rose up in her dignity," as Sis says Auntie does sometimes, and she shut her mouth up tight. And so I whistled to Jack and just scooted! I had to walk home, but I didn't mind that. I hated to explain to Mother and Dad though, I can tell you! But Dad didn't lick me though. He just said that I had to apologize to teacher for Jack, and that I must see that Jack did not go to school with me again.—What's that? Oh, yes, of course he wants to go a lot of times, but I just say, "No, Jack, just go back, you cannot go." And he minds! Oh, he stands by me, he does, and I stand by him. We are both good, and both bad, by spells. But we always stand by each other. I tell you Jack and I are friends!

MY UNCLE JOHN!

*(Five minutes)**(Monologue for boy)**(The boy enters carrying his cap, he waves cap in air, and begins to speak.)*

Hurrah! I say, hurrah for my Uncle John! He's the kind of an uncle to have. He came out to our house to-day, and he asked my mother: "Where's James?" And Mother told him I was playing out in the back yard with Billy Bailey. Then he told her to call me. But of course I didn't know he was there, and so when Mother called: "James, oh, James, come here, I want you," I was just mad all over. I said to Billy, "Oh, I just bet you she wants me to take my bath or something like that. Gee! mothers make me tired. I wish I didn't have to go!" Then I decided to pretend that I did not hear. But she called again, "James, come here this minute or you'll be sorry!" just like she meant it that time. I answered, "Yes'm, I'm coming as fast 's I can." Then I went just as slow and as slow as I could to the house. But when I saw my Uncle John I hurried up, I can tell you.

Uncle said, "I am looking for a little boy about your size to go to the Zoo with me." Then I just shouted, and I didn't even complain when Mother made me wash my neck and ears.

Well, we went! My Uncle John is surely great! We saw *all* that Zoo, I just know we did! The lions roared something fierce to-day. And the tigers seemed on a rampage too, Uncle said. Then when we reached the snakes, and the alligators and the hippopotamuses that were there, Uncle stopped and told me 'bout how they

live in their native state, and I enjoyed it heaps more than I ever did before.

Then, of course we fed peanuts to the elephants. But the best of all, Uncle got the man to let me ride on one of them. I had begged and begged Mother to let me ride on one when she took me, but she said, "Oh, no, James, dear, you might get hurt. Come on away, now, that's a good boy." Humph! Women make me tired. What fun is it to go any place with a woman anyway? I told Uncle about it, and about how Mother would not let me ride. And I said it wasn't any fun anyway when a woman was around, and asked him if he thought it was. He just laughed and said, "Well, James, sometimes it depends on the woman. But more often it depends on the age of the man. Now, you see, I am older than you, and there are times when I rather like to have one woman around!" Now, what do you suppose he meant by that? Do you really suppose he is going to marry that Miss Mabel Morris, I've seen him with so many times lately? I hope he is not. Maybe then she wouldn't let him take me to the Zoo again. Most women don't let you do anything you like. So I've noticed! At least Mother doesn't. But of course I have to stand it from her, because she is my mother. But on the whole, I guess I don't care much for women! And I'm just a lot disappointed that my uncle does.

Last of all we went to see the monkeys, and oh, such fun as we had. Uncle John laughed as much as I did. They hold their heads so funny, when they look at you. Sort of sideways it is, like this—(*Imitates.*)

We surely did have a grand time. Uncle said we would go again sometime. Gee, he's great, he is! Don't you wish you had an uncle like my Uncle John?

(*Goes off whistling.*)

THE FINISHING TOUCHES

*(Four minutes)**(Monologue in child dialect)**(Character: A small boy, getting ready for school.)*

Where's my cap, anyway? Mamma, Mamma, do you know where my cap is?—I *did* put it where it belonged—yes'm? I'm sure I did. But it isn't here. (*Looks about, stoops and picks up cap from floor. Calls.*) I've found it. Under the stand. I don't see how it got there, for I know I put it where it belonged.—Ma'am?—Yes'm, it's clean. I am sure of it. I washed it yesterday. What more do you want?—No'm, I didn't aim to be rude.—Can't I go now?—Oh, I haven't time. (*Goes to R., pouting.*) Oh, well look then. (*Holds head first to one side and then to the other.*) Oh, it don't need washing. Please, Mom, let me go. I'll be late if you don't. Here's for it then. (*Splashes water on face and neck with hands.*) No, I don't need any old wash-cloth and soap. It isn't that dirty, I know. All soap's good for anyway is to get into your eyes and make you cry.—Oh, but I'm in a hurry.—Well, hand it here then. (*Imitates hurried washing with soap.*) Where's that towel? (*Eyes shut, holds hands in front of him as if feeling for towel.*) Jolly! that old soap did get in my eyes. What did I tell you? (*Dries face.*) Now, I just bet I'm clean. Where did I put that cap? Oh, here it is. I'm off now. Good-bye! (*Starts, comes back.*) Ma'am? Come back? What for? I'll be late to school if I do not go right this minute.—Well, look!—Not clean! Oh, Mom, you're not going to try and wash it again, are you? My neck don't show so awful much anyhow. But I have my collar on. (*Turns head as if holding it to be washed. Fidgets, and draws away.*) Ouch! Goodness, Mom, don't take all

the skin off. Look out, now you did get that old soap all in my eyes. (*Cries.*) That's too hot! Look out! I'll just bet you did take the skin off, too.

(Stands on one foot then on other, and fidgets more than ever.)

Well, you had better hurry up, that's what! If you do not want me to get a tardy mark.—It's clean, now, is it? Well, then hand me that towel and I'll get it done in a jiffy! (*Uses towel, then once more picks up his cap.*) I'm off now for sure. My neck won't have to be scrubbed again for a week, will it? Oh, it won't either. I never could see what difference it makes anyway.

Good-bye, Mom. (*Goes to entrance, then calls as he leaves stage.*) Tommy. Tom! It's school time. Come on. Ain't you ready yet? Tom-my!

THE SKATING CONTEST

The ice on Crystal Lake lay clear and sparkling in the sunlight. It was on an afternoon in late February, and all the boys and girls of Old North High School were on the ice. At least it seemed like they were all there. There were so many of them. The lake was just gay with red, yellow, green, blue, and oh, all colors of toboggans and sweaters. And the air was full of happy laughter as the skaters glided swiftly by.

Then I noticed a merry group of boys and girls coming up from the other side of the park. And then this yell broke out upon the air:

“Rah! Rah! Rah!
For Clifton Heights!
What’s the best school of them all?
Clifton Heights, Hurrah!”

But this yell had scarcely died away, when from the ice I heard the answering call of Old North High:

“Hip! High! Hullabaloo!
Old North High’s the school, that’s true!
It’s the best school of them all!
Old North High!”

Two of the Clifton Heights boys and girls now put on their skates and approached the lake. A tall youth from the same school stepped up with them, and called forth this challenge to the skaters already on the ice:

“Clifton Heights challenges Old North to a skating contest. Choose your four best skaters, and the race is on. We are ready, are you?”

There was a short, quick conference on the ice. Then all but five of the North students came ashore. One skated close to the challenger from Clifton Heights.

“Ready? Yes, Old North’s ready! Bring on your skaters. You may be the starter.”

Then the four skaters from Clifton Heights joined hands and lined up beside the ones from Old North.

"One, two, three! Ready! Go!" called the starter, and away they flew. Gracefully they swayed together. Their bodies moving in perfect rhythm. Both teams were made up of excellent skaters, used to team work. Faster and faster they went. They became almost specks in the distance as they rounded the other side of the lake. The yell:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
For Clifton Heights! Rah!"

was answered by:

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
Old North School! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Then the yells were forgotten as they became more excited over the finish. The cries were now from individuals, and each team received its share of encouragement.

"Old North's ahead!"

"No, Clifton is. See there! Rah for Clifton!"

"Old North is gaining! Hurry, Dolly, Fred, Bill, Jane, hurry! Catch 'em. Race 'em! That's it! That's it! They're up with them."

"No, Clifton's still ahead! They're turning the last curve. They are almost here. Oh, look out, Clifton, don't lose out! Hurry!"

"Old North's ahead! Old North is gaining right along! Did you ever see such rhythm as that? They're almost here! they're still ahead! Yes—no,—yes, yes, they are! Old North has won! Hurrah! Now, all together, ready, go!"

And as I left the park, I heard once more the yell of the victorious North High:

"Hip! Hip! Hullabaloo!
Old North High's the school, that's true!
Old North High!"

THE GARDENS

(Eleven hundred words)

Once upon a time, there lived in the "Garden of Tears" a wee, little bit of a girl. She was almost as tiny as a fairy. In fact, seeing her sometimes dressed in a dear, little, fluffy, white dress, one might really take her for a fairy. She was so pretty, too. She had golden curls, and they fell around her dainty little face. Oh, she was as pretty as a little fairy. But she was not one. She was just a little girl about the same as other little girls. Oh, no, she was not quite the same as other little girls either. She cried too much. Sometimes her mother would say to her:

"Why, Anabelle, you cry so much. I think you are not my little girl at all."

"Why, Mother, you know I am your little girl even if I do cry. Don't I live in your house?"

But her mother said:

"Sometimes you do, and then you are my little girl. But when you are naughty and cry, why, then you are not my little girl, for you live in the 'Garden of Tears.'"

Now, Anabelle did not understand what her mother meant. She went out into her mother's pretty garden, and tried to think what she had meant. But she soon gave it up, and began to play with her dolly.

She had pinned her dolly's dress the night before. So when she picked her up, the pin pricked her. It was only a tiny, little prick. It really did not hurt very much. But Anabelle did not like even a little prick. So she cried loud enough and long enough for a real hurt. Her mother did not come to comfort her. Anabelle cried so much, and her mother could not be running all the time. And this time she cried until she fell asleep.

Then a dear little fairy came and touched her on the arm.

"Oh, Anabelle," said the fairy, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? You know you did not hurt yourself very much. You just wanted to cry, that was all."

"I did not!" said Anabelle, and started to cry again. But when she looked up, and saw it was a fairy there by her, she hung her head. She was ashamed for once in her life. She had been rude to a fairy!

"Come with me, Anabelle," said the fairy. "I have something to show you." Then she waved her wand, and carried Anabelle away with her to another garden.

This was a beautiful garden. But it seemed so sad in some way. The trees did not hold up their heads. They drooped until some of the branches almost touched the ground. "Why, all the trees in the garden are Weeping Willows," cried Anabelle.

There were many flowers but they all seemed to be drooping, and ready to cry.

The fairy pulled a pansy blossom and handed it to Anabelle. But instead of the dear little face she had often seen on the pansies in her mother's garden, this one had a wry, little, puckery face. "Why," said Anabelle, "even the pansy wants to cry."

And then they saw children playing among the trees. But soon they stopped playing, and some of them would burst into tears. Then, after a few moments they were all crying.

"What are they crying about?" asked Anabelle. "How foolish, when they might be playing."

"Oh," answered the fairy, "I thought perhaps you could tell me why they all cry. You know them all, you see. You have lived here for some time. This is the Garden of Tears, you know."

"Why, I do not live here," said Anabelle. "This is not my mother's dear garden. Oh, I know now where I am. I know what Mother meant now."

"Do you think you'd like to live in this garden?" asked the fairy.

Anabelle shook her head. "No, oh, no. I do not like

it at all, here. Please, oh, please take me home." And before she knew it, Anabelle had begun to cry.

"Not if you cry," said the fairy. "This must be your home if you do.—Oh, you have stopped, have you? That's good. Now you wait a moment. We are not ready to go home just yet."

Once more the fairy waved her wand. And now Anabelle clapped her hands and danced for joy.

"Oh, dear fairy, how grand this is. How lovely. Look at those trees, and those flowers! They all seem so happy. The sun must always shine here in this lovely place. Look at those children. There is no one crying here. What is this place? May I live here always? I love it so!"

"This," said the fairy, "is the Garden of Smiles. You may live in it if you want to. Every little girl and boy may live in it. It is in your own heart you find the flowers of happiness. And your face always shows bright and happy when you live in the Garden of Smiles."

Anabelle sat up, suddenly. She rubbed her eyes sleepily. Then she looked about for the fairy. But the dear little fairy was gone.

"She must have been a Dream Fairy," said Anabelle. "I wonder whatever made her come to me, anyway? Oh, there's my dolly! I know now. I pricked my finger and I cried."

Anabelle looked for the pin-prick. It did not even show. For just a moment Anabelle puckered up her face, ready to cry. It did not hurt. But it was the thought. Then she remembered the puckery face of the little pansy the fairy had shown her.

"Why, I almost had a face like that pansy." Then Anabelle laughed. "What did I ever cry over such a little thing for? No wonder Mother said I lived in the Garden of Tears. I'm ashamed of myself."

She ran into the house and called her mother.

"Mother, oh, Mother, I'm moving to-day."

"Moving? What do you mean, Anabelle?" asked her mother.

"Out of the Garden of Tears, Mother, and into the

Garden of Smiles. I'm happy inside, so I can smile. I like the Garden of Smiles, Mother dearie. Can you tell from my face that I am moving to-day?"

But her mother never answered. She just went to Anabelle, put her arms around her and hugged her hard, oh, so hard!

THIRD PART

DRILLS FOR CHILDREN

TIN SOLDIER AND FRENCH DOLL DRILL

(*Six boys and six girls.*)

(*The boys are dressed as tin soldiers, and carry tin swords, in scabbards. The girls are dressed as French dolls and carry small closed parasols.*)

DIRECTIONS

(*R., right of stage. L., left of stage. C., center. B., boys. G., girls.*)

DRILL

Girls are on stage when curtain rises, standing stiffly erect in this position:—

5	6
3	4
1	2

1. Enter B., single file. (*All movements must be stiff and mechanical.*) March around stage past dolls, then form straight line at back of stage. G. turn heads toward audience, as B. pass.

2. Boys move to front of stage in a straight line.

3. Salute audience R. hands. 4 counts or beats of music. Girls stand in position, while B. go through drill.

4. R. face, 4 counts.

5. Return to position, 4 counts.

6. L. face, 4 counts.

7. Position, 4 counts.

8. R. about face (*Turn clear around.*), 4 counts.

9. L. about face, 4 counts.

10. Take swords in R. hands, 4 counts.

11. Touch caps with swords, 4 counts.

12. Position, 4 counts.

13. Forward thrust, as though fencing, 4 counts.

14. Position, 4 counts.

15. Same as 13 and 14, only bend knee as thrust is made.

16. R. face, 4 counts.

17. Place sword tip between shoulders of B. in front. First B. uses sword as in 13.

18. Position, 4 counts.

19. Same L. face, sword between shoulders of others; position.

20. Salute with swords, 4 counts.

21. Return swords to scabbards.

22. L. face and march to *rear*, and form straight line, facing front.

23. Girls' drill. G. face front, move to center, then to front of stage, and around to position again.

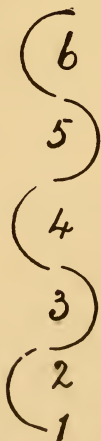
24. B. move to side of partners, girls move again to C., B. move to and remain where G. have been during their drill.

25. G. move around stage single file.

26. Around stage, in two's.

27. Down C. single file.

28. When they reach the front of stage, 1 starts to weave back by passing between 2 and 3; 2 between 3 and 4; and so on.



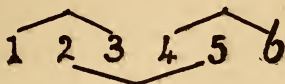
Movement for 1



Movement for 2, following 1.

Others move in the same order

29. Single file to front.
30. Around single file and form straight line at rear.
31. Down to front together, halt!
32. Touch parasol tips above heads, 4 counts. 1 and 3; 4 and 6 back of heads; 5 and 2 in front, thus:



33. Position, 4 counts.
34. Bow to audience, 4 counts.
35. Turn head R., 4 counts.
36. Position, 4 counts.
37. Turn head L., 4 counts.
38. Position, 4 counts.
39. Open parasols, 4 counts.
40. Whirl to R., 4 counts.
41. Position, 4 counts.
42. Whirl to L., 4 counts.
43. Position, 4 counts.
44. Parasols before face, 4 counts.
45. Move parasols to R., and peep from behind them at audience, 4 counts.
46. Position, 4 counts.
47. L. face and march around stage to partners.
48. B. and G. face C. and meet in C. in four's.
49. Halt and G. bow, while B. salute, 4 counts.
50. Around stage in two's.
51. Form two straight rows at rear and march forward, in two straight lines.
52. Halt! Bow and salute to audience, then file off single file to R.

SANTA CLAUS DRILL

(For nine small boys.)

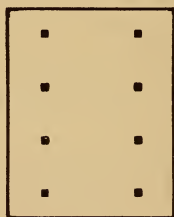
(Eight of the boys are dressed in Santa Claus suits. They carry strings of sleigh-bells. A sack of toys is on the back of each one, with a horn near the top of each sack. One boy is dressed like Jack Frost, in white suit, frosted with diamond dust.)

DIRECTIONS

R., right. L., left. C., center. S., start. F., finish.

DRILL

Four enter R., four enter L., single file. March to rear of stage and move forward to C. front in two's. Thus:



(Halt and sing the following song, using actions suggested.)

(Tune, "Coming Through the Rye.")

1ST VERSE

Have you seen my reindeer, laddie?

(Each looks at partner.)

We can't find them now.

(Shake heads.)

We had put them in their stables,

(Lines move back to form semicircle, thus:)



But alas! Somehow
 They escaped. We cannot find them,
(Wave R. hands across front.)
 Look where'er we will,
(Look from R. to L.)
 And we cannot go to earth
 Our mission to fulfill.
(Put R. hand back to touch top of pack.)

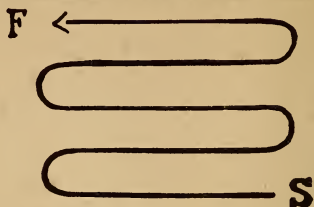
2ND VERSE

Think you how the little children
 Will feel when morrow's here,
(Look sad, shake heads mournfully.)
 And no presents from old Santa!
(Drop heads.)
 They will cry we fear.
(Lift heads, rub eyes.)
 See, we have our sleigh-bells with us,
(During the rest of verse shake bells in time to music.)
 Ready now to go,
 Soon as some one finds our reindeer,
 And comes to tell us so.

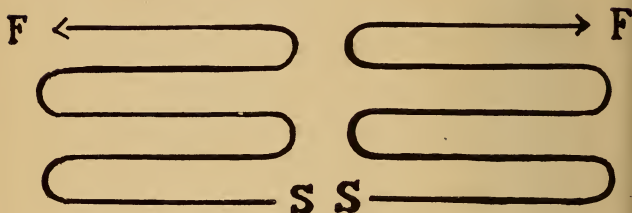
(When song is finished music continues to play a slow march. Boys may whistle instead of having other music, if preferred. A light springy step is used.)

1. March to c., form two's, as before.
2. Lines separate at c., front and move around stage to R. and L.
3. Down c., single file.

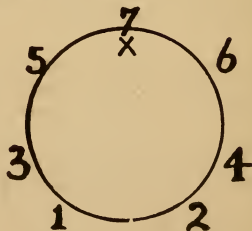
4. Serpent movement across stage, thus:



5. Down c., single file.
 6. Repeat 4.
 7. Down c., in two's.
 8. Separate to R. and L. Double serpent movement, thus:



9. Down c., in two's.
 10. Repeat 8.
 11. Down c., single file.
 12. Halt in c., first six form thus:

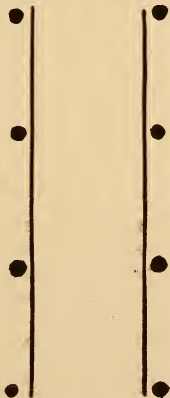


(7 halts at "x" and jumps on bent knees of 5 and 6. 8 mounts on shoulders of 7—pyramid fashion—and bends over in imitation of Santa descending a chimney.)

13. Move to two's in c.
14. Repeat 12.
15. Down c., two's, separate R. and L.
16. Form circles R. and L., thus:

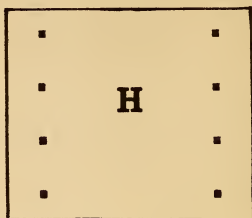


17. Each boy draws a horn from pack in front of him. Move in circles three times.
18. Break circles, down c., two's.
19. Separate R. and L., around stage, turn at back—
20. And form straight lines on extreme R. and L., thus:



21. Blow horns in unison.

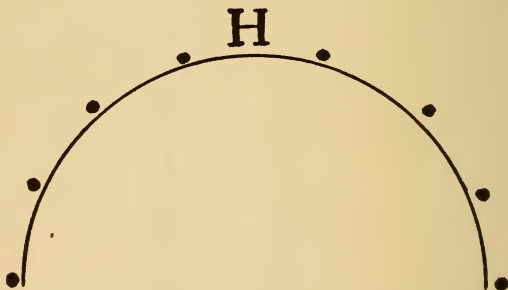
22. Enter HERALD, who stands between lines in c.



(HERALD *speaks.*)

Santa's reindeer now are found. He has sent me for you, his helpers. You are to hasten and make ready for your yearly visit to earth and her children.

HERALD moves to rear c. Others form semicircle, thus:



(*All sing, using same tune.*)

Our herald now has come to us,
 Joyful news to bring.
 Now, our reindeer have been found,
 Let our voices ring.
 And we bid you now adieu
 Till again we meet
 In your homes this Christmas Eve,
 To bring you presents sweet.

(*File out single file to L.*)

FOURTH PART

**PLAYS OF VARIOUS LENGTHS FOR
CHILDREN**



LONG AGO AND NOW

(Three minutes)

(For two little girls)

(1ST LITTLE GIRL, dressed like a child of the long ago, holds a rag-doll in her arms. 2ND LITTLE GIRL, dressed in modern dress, holds in her arms a fine new doll.)

(1ST GIRL enters alone, sits on R. of stage, speaks, then remains seated. 2ND GIRL enters, sits on L. of stage, speaks.)

1ST GIRL

Now go to sleep, dolly,
Do not have any fear.
I will protect you,
If Indians prow! near.
That was not a war-whoop.
Now, dolly, do sleep.
What, dear? Why, surely,
You will not weep.

I love you, dolly,
Yes, indeed I do,
From your dear rag head
To little rag shoe.
Those "buttony" eyes
Shine black as ink.
And really, dear one,
You are pretty, I think.

That's right. Stop crying.
Now listen to me,
You be a good dolly,
And then you will see—
Father will bring you

A nice, cozy skin,
 To wrap you up snugly
 And keep you warm in.
 Now go to sleep, dolly,
 Do not have any fear.
 I will protect you,
 If Indians prowl near.

2ND GIRL

Now go to sleep, dolly,
 If you'll be good,
 I'll take you out riding
 As I said I would.
 We'll go in the auto.
 Won't that be fine?
 What, dolly, you crying?
 Now, stop, baby mine.
 I love you, dolly,
 Yes, indeed I do,
 From your curly, blond head
 To little French shoe.
 Those eyelids that close,
 This lovely new dress;
 You're the prettiest dolly
 Ever was, I guess.

That's right. Stop crying,
 And listen to me,
 You be a good dolly,
 And then you will see—
 When we are out riding
 We'll stop at the store,
 And then we'll have candy
 And ice-cream galore.

Now go to sleep, dolly,
 If you will be good,
 I'll take you out riding,
 As I said I would.

*(Both rise, meet in c., move to front, hand in hand,
 bow to audience. Exeunt together.)*

DOLLIES AND GIRLS

(*Four minutes*)

(*A Christmas Dialogue for two small girls*)

(*One girl is dressed in a dainty dress, fine slippers and socks, large hair-ribbon on curls. She is sitting on a low rocking-chair. In front of her, arranged in a sedate row on two chairs, are several nice dolls. She holds in her hand a book; she is playing school.*)

1ST GIRL. Now, Mabel, Isabelle and Gwendolyn, you may take your turns at the blackboard. (*Waits.*) Did you hear me?—You will not do it? Why, Isabelle, you will have to be punished for such talk! You may sit here on the table by me where every one of the pupils can see what a bad girl you are. (*Picks doll up and places her on the table.*) Oh, you needn't cry. It will not do you a single bit of good. Maybe you can remember to be good next time.

Now, Mabel and Gwendolyn, you must do as I said. (*Lifts them and places them on another chair.*) There, now, you are at the board, you may do your sums.

(*2ND GIRL has slipped in as 1ST puts doll on table. She stands at back of stage and gazes wistfully at dolls. She is dressed in ragged clothes, her hair is not combed, her shoes are ragged and there are great holes in her stockings. She carries in her arms an old rag doll.*)

1ST GIRL (*continuing*). Oh, I am tired and sleepy. (*Yawns.*) I guess I'll dismiss my school for to-day. Oh, I forgot to tell you, dollies, to-morrow is Christmas, and I'll have the most beautiful new dolly then you ever saw. (*2ND GIRL opens her eyes very wide and*

gradually draws closer to the other girl as she talks.) She will have beautiful blue eyes and real hair and she is to be dressed like a fairy. She will be able to walk and talk and cry when you wind her up and squeeze her, and—(*Jumps up.*) Oh, who are you? How did you get in my playroom?

2ND GIRL. My maw's doin' your maw's cleanin' for Christmas, and she let me come here with her. She told me to stay in the kitchen. Don't you tell her I came in here, or she'll skin me alive. I saw you through the door and I sneaked in to see your dolls. Say, how'd you know you are goin' to git such a fine new doll for Christmas? Who's goin' to give it to you?

1ST GIRL. My father told me to write my letter to Santa, and I might have anything I wanted. So I wrote for the doll. (*Goes up to other girl.*) Is that all the doll you've got? Why don't you write to Santa for a new one, too? That doll is not a bit nice.

2ND GIRL. I know she's not as nice as one of yours, but she is all I have, and I love her just the same. Say, I'd like to hold one of them of yours. You hold mine and let me hold yours.

1ST GIRL (*drawing back*). Ugh! No! She's too dirty. Don't you ever wash her clothes?

2ND GIRL. Naw, I can't, and maw, she don't have no time. (*Wistfully.*) I wish I had a Santa like yours. Maw she said 'twouldn't do no good for me to want anything this year, 'cause these were hard times with us and my Santa Claus was poor. What'd you reckon she meant? Wish I had a doll like one of yours. (*Begins to cry.*) Wish I had, I do.

1ST GIRL. Say, do you really suppose Santa will not bring you a doll? Do you really suppose he will not?

2ND GIRL. I know he won't, 'cause my maw she said so. (*Cries very loud.*)

1ST GIRL (*shaking her head sadly*). There, don't cry. I wish I could help you, but I do not see how I can. (*2ND GIRL still cries.*) Oh, maybe I can help you, too. (*Picks up one of her nicest dolls, studies a moment, then laughs happily.*) Look here, little girl, you can have this

dolly of mine, for your very own. You won't even have to wait till to-night for Santa to bring it to you.

2ND GIRL (*stops crying, starts to take doll, then draws back and shakes head*). I'd like to have it, but your maw would never let you give it to me. She'd never 'low you to do that.

1ST GIRL. My mother will be glad to let me; I just know she will. She's the darlinest mother ever was, I know.

2ND GIRL. No—she wouldn't. Wouldn't no maw ever 'low you to do that. And then my maw, she'd whale me if I took it without your maw said I could have it. I don't want no whalin', I don't.

1ST GIRL. You wait and I'll ask my mother. You just stay here. (*Runs from stage, calling, "Mother, Mother!" While she is gone 2ND GIRL looks about, then walks around touching things lightly and whistling softly as if she had never seen such nice things. She goes over to the dolls and looks from 'hem to her own doll, but does not attempt to pick one up.*)

(1ST GIRL *enters.*)

1ST GIRL. Oh, little girl, Mother says you can have her, and that you are to have some candy, too, before you go home. Isn't that fun! But you'll be good to the dolly, won't you? Here she is, take her.

2ND GIRL. Oh, how I will love her, and I'm going to learn to wash so I can keep her clean my own self. Thanks, I hope you'll get your new dolly.

1ST GIRL. Oh, I will, I know. You come and see her after Christmas, won't you?

2ND GIRL (*nods her head, she hugs her new doll close to her, says "Good-bye," and kisses her new doll, then goes off carrying a doll under each arm.*)

1ST GIRL. Merry Christmas. Good-bye. Now I know I'll love my new dolly all the more to know that that little girl has a nice dolly, too.—Yes, Mother, I'm coming.

MEN AND WOMEN OF AMERICA

(Five minutes)

(For one boy and two girls, 12 to 14 years of age.)

(Boy, dressed as Uncle Sam, enters, salutes audience and begins to speak.)

Boy.

I'm Uncle Sam, as you can see.
 I stand for our country, true,
 The symbol of freedom, right and trust
 To be found 'neath our red, white and blue.
 I stand for our nation's manhood, too,
 No finer on earth may be found;
 We are ready for peace, and we long for peace,
 But peace only with honor, I'm bound.
 To the strength of our manhood's valor
 We pin our faith this day.
 Our country is safe from oppression's rule
 When freedom and right hold sway.
 We are proud of the men of America,
 Proud of their strength and skill,
 Proud of their standing for brotherhood,
 Of their loyalty, power and will.

(Enter GIRL, dressed as Columbia. She moves to center R. UNCLE SAM steps a little to L. GIRL addresses audience first.)

COLUMBIA.

I am Columbia, noble and just,
 I stand for our liberty,
 For justice and truth and valor,
 For peace and humility.

I stand for America's womanhood, too,
So great, so pure, so true.
Were the women left out of our country,
Oh, whatever would it do?

(*Turns to* UNCLE SAM.)

You stand for our manhood's valor,
And I for our womenkind,
You're brave and courageous and loyal,
And so are your women you'll find!
We now have rights of citizenship;
Equal with you we stand,
And we'll join in your every endeavor,
We'll go with you hand in hand.

UNCLE SAM.

Oh, it's well for the women to help us,
But the men do most of it though.
Why, what did you do when the war was on
To crush tyranny with *your* blow?

COLUMBIA (*indignantly*).

What did we do when the war was on?
Just ask the world, I pray!
We helped just as much as you men-folks did,
We worked with you day by day.

(UNCLE SAM *turns his back on her*.)

Our women were close to the battle-front,
They knew the screech of a shell,
But they swerved not from their duty,
And that you know full well!

(*Turns her back on* UNCLE SAM, *scornfully*.)

(2ND GIRL *enters*. *She is dressed in white, and wears a shield with the word Liberty printed on it. She carries a large flag. Stepping to center, she looks first at UNCLE SAM and then at COLUMBIA and then back to UNCLE SAM. She looks bewildered.*)

LIBERTY.

Dear Uncle Sam and Columbia, too,
 Why do you stand like this?
 I am surprised at you, bold Uncle Sam,
 And also at you, my Miss.
 We stand for liberty, and peace.
 May peace be with us always—
 But how can it, if harmony
 Is not among our own to-day?
 Uncle Sam, I know you are loyal
 And good and brave and true.

(UNCLE SAM *turns and faces her.*)

We know that we owe so much we have
 To our country's manhood—to you.
 And as for you, dear Columbia,
 We well know what you can do.
 We know our country could not exist
 Without her womanhood, too.

(COLUMBIA *smiles and turns around.*)

Now, Uncle Sam and Columbia,
 Such things we cannot stand,
 As discord and strife in our ranks to-day,
 We're bound by too strong a band.
 We're bound by the ties of liberty,
 Of justice, right and truth,
 And we need all our men and our women,
 Our old age as well as our youth.
 Join hands now in mighty union,
 You men and women of our land,

(*They join hands while LIBERTY waves flag over them.*)

For when we unite our efforts,
 We form an invincible band.
 All hail now to America's strength,
 Her noble protectors true,
 For each one of us is needed,
 To protect the red, white and blue.

CURTAIN

FOR OTHERS

*(Four minutes)**(Dialogue for two little girls. Appropriate for a Missionary Society.)**(Girls enter carrying dolls in arms. They sit in chairs at R. and L.)*

MADGE. You know, Jane, I think I have the prettiest dolly in all the world. How do you like this new dress on her? *(Holds up doll.)*

JANE. Oh, I think it is lovely. But I think I have a pretty doll, too. And I have made her a new cap. How do you like it? *(Holds up her doll.)*

MADGE. It is lovely. I wish I had one just like it. Oh, I know what I can do! My uncle gave me one dollar yesterday, and told me to use it for anything I thought would make me happy. And so I am going to get my doll a cap just like yours.

JANE. Yes, do! And I will help you make it. My father gave me fifty cents this morning to buy me something I want. I think I'll buy candy. I never get enough of that. I'll give you some of it.

MADGE. That will be fine! I think we are lucky to have nice things like we have. I saw Margaret Ellis the other day, and she had her doll, and it was all ragged, and —

JANE. Yes, I saw her, too. I thought she would have been ashamed to carry around such a doll as that. I would, wouldn't you?

MADGE. I used to think I would. But when I told Mother about it, she said that I should not say such things. That Margaret Ellis was a very poor little girl, and that we should never make fun of others who have less than we have.

JANE. Oh, Madge, I never thought of that. All I thought of was that her doll was ragged and old. I'm sorry now. And, Madge, have you noticed her dresses? They are as old and worn as her doll's.

MADGE. Oh, yes, I have. And when Mother told me about why she had to dress so, I felt so ashamed and sorry I had laughed at her doll. They are very, very poor.

JANE. Tell me about them, Madge. I'd like to know.

MADGE. Do you know where they live?

JANE. Yes. In a little tumble-down cottage way out on Grace Street.

MADGE. Yes, that's it. And there is such a big family of them, all crowded into that little house. Their father's been sick and they haven't hardly anything at all. And Mother says that sometimes they do not even have enough to eat.

JANE. Oh, Madge, really?

MADGE. Yes, isn't it dreadful? And Mother says there are lots and lots of little children just like that all over the world. In China and India, sometimes, they have famines, and little children *starve to death*.

JANE. Oh, Madge, I wish I could help them some way, don't you?

MADGE. Indeed I do. I wonder if there is any way little girls can help?

JANE (*thinking*). I do wonder if there is. Can't you think of a way, Madge?

MADGE (*jumps up and claps hands*). Yes, of course there is a way. Mrs. Black told me there were some little girls in our church who belonged to a society called—oh, what kind of a society was it anyway?

JANE (*jumping up too*). Oh, I know! It is a missionary society. But I didn't know it really helped to keep poor little girls from starving. Little girls like Margaret Ellis, you know.

MADGE. Mrs. Black says they do. And I am going to join this society and help do my part. They tell the heathen children about the church and about Jesus, too. Let's both join, Jane.

JANE. Yes, let's. And I am going to give my fifty cents. I don't need candy like they do food.

MADGE. And I can give my dollar. That would make me happier than to buy a doll cap. For I don't need the cap anyway. My doll can wear her old one. But come, are you and your doll ready to go?

JANE. Yes, we are all ready.

MADGE. Well, then we will go and tell our mothers we are going to join the mis-mis-mis ——

JANE (*laughing*). Oh, Madge, you never can remember that word. The missionary society.

MADGE. Thanks. That's it. The missionary society. Come on.

JANE. All right. Let's hurry up. (*Exeunt arm in arm.*)

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU"

*Three small girls.
Time: Five minutes.*

Scene: A city park.

(1ST GIRL enters R., laughing. She is dressed in a play-dress and is dragging a little toy dog after her. Goes to C., picks up dog and speaks.)

1ST GIRL.

You're the dearest doggie ever,
Yes, you are.
I love you better than any live one,
Yes, by far.
You cannot bark—bow-wow—I know,
What care I?
If you cannot bark, my doggie, neither
Can you cry. (*Whines.*)
Oh, I'm very happy, doggie (*Laughs.*),
Indeed I am.
Come along, we must be going.
Careful, Sam!

(Places dog on floor and starts L., meets 2ND GIRL, who is dressed much like the first, and is carrying a rag doll.)

2ND GIRL.

Oh, Mabel, how are you, my dear?
And how's your dog to-day?
I'm very glad I met you here
As you went upon your way.

1ST GIRL.

Yes, I'm glad to have met you, too,
Of course I am. (*Picks up dog again.*)
Don't you bark so at that dolly,
Naughty Sam! (*Barks.*)
You aren't very nice now, are you?
You be good. (*Slaps dog.*)
I'd hate to have to slap again,
Indeed I would! (*To 2ND GIRL.*)
You have such a nice new dolly,
She's a dear.
Oh, no, he won't bite your dolly,
Never fear.

2ND GIRL.

Yes, I love her very much,
She is so good to me.
And I do not care one bit because
She is not a raging beauty.
At first I cried 'cause she was rag,
When I wanted a nice one so!
But I quit crying when Mother told me
It was better to laugh, you know.

1ST GIRL.

What did she say about laughing?
I'd like to know.
I can laugh. I try to. But sometimes it's
Hard, you know.

2ND GIRL.

Why, she said that when I laughed,
The other girls would laugh, too.
And she said that if I cried
They wouldn't like me though.
For that the ones who liked to laugh
Made more friends every day;
But no one liked the ones who cried,
So crying didn't pay.

1ST GIRL.

I like that kind of talk, I'm sure.

Indeed I do.

Come, let us walk. You are a happy girl,
I like you!

(They exeunt L. as 3RD GIRL enters R. She is dressed in a party frock, and is pushing a doll's go-cart, with a lovely doll in it. She stubs her toe and nearly falls, begins to cry, and throws herself on floor.)

3RD GIRL.

I hate every one of them, I do.

Nurse, she's mean to me.

Made me dress in my best clothes,

And go to that old party.

What do I care for parties?

I don't want to go.

And I won't. I'll show them

That they can't boss me so. *(Cries angrily.)*

1ST GIRL *(entering L. with 2ND GIRL)*.

Yes, it's to be a big party,

Lots of fun.

Sometimes I wish that I could go,

Just to one. *(Wistfully.)*

But I'm just not a-going to cry.

Not a bit!

For what good would crying do me?

Not a whit! *(Laughs.)*

2ND GIRL.

No, it would not help a little,

Little, tiny, tiny bit.

If we'd cry they wouldn't

Invite us to it.

Guess we haven't got the dresses

That it takes to go.

But some way I don't care so much,

Since I met you though.

1ST GIRL (*starting forward*).

Why, what's the matter here?

Why, my dear,

Whatever could have happened to

Cause that tear?

3RD GIRL (*jerking away*).

Let me alone. You cannot help.

And I don't want you here with me.

I'm crying because I don't want to go

To that old mean party. (*Cries louder.*)

2ND GIRL (*looks at her with disgust*).

Come on, let's go away from her,

A touch-me-not is she.

It's just as Mother said about the crying.

Come on, and let her be.

1ST GIRL.

Oh, no, that would not be right at all.

So I'll stay.

And see if I can't help her a little

In some way.

Listen, little girl, and I'll tell you a joke;

Listen to me.

You are crying because you must go

To that party.

(3RD GIRL *looks up but keeps on crying.*)

And this little girl and I would

Like to go

To a party very much. But we

Aren't crying though.

We just laugh, and play with her doll—

See, it's rag,—

And my puppy—it isn't real—but we

All play tag.

And we forget about the party where

We couldn't go.

And we laugh instead of crying,

It's better so.

3RD GIRL (*interested*).

Oh, don't you ever cry?

(1ST GIRL *makes her dog bark at 2ND GIRL's doll.*

3RD GIRL *laughs.*)

2ND GIRL (*as she and 1ST GIRL help 3RD GIRL up and straighten her dress*).

My, what a pretty, pretty dress.

You ought to laugh, you see.

How could you ever cry like that

In all this finery?

3RD GIRL.

I do feel better, thank you.

I didn't want to go,

But they made me. I must hustle

Or I will be late though. (*Laughs.*)

That's a funny little doggie,

And you're funny girlyies, too.

'Cause you laugh instead of crying.

Guess I'll try to be like you.

(*Claps her hands.*)

Oh, I know what we will do.

I'll have a little party.

You bring that doggie and that dolly,

To-morrow afternoon at three,

To my house and we'll all play

And be happy. Come, won't you?

Nurse won't care. And Mother

Will be glad to help me, too.

Oh, I'm so glad I met you girls.

I'll laugh now instead of cry.

Don't forget to come to-morrow.

(*Pats dog and laughs.*)

Dear little girls, good-bye.

[*Exit, L.*

1ST GIRL.

Oh, I'm glad she is so happy,

Aren't you?

And we are going to a party

Just we two. (*Claps hands.*)

2ND GIRL.

Oh, I'm glad my mother taught me

It's better to laugh than to cry.

'Cause laughing made her ask us to her house.

See you to-morrow, then. Good-bye!

*(One goes R., one L. At entrance they turn and throw
kisses at each other, then run off.)*

CURTAIN

REAL AMERICANS ALL

*(Thirty minutes.)**(A play for Eighth Grade children. Five scenes.
Twenty-nine or more children.)*

SCENE I

THE PILGRIMS

*SCENE.—An indoor cabin. Crude furniture. An old
gun standing at R., another on wall.**(The characters are PILGRIM FATHER, PILGRIM
MOTHER, GIRL, BOY, and INDIAN; all are in cos-
tumes of this period of history. The MOTHER is
seated on R. spinning or knitting. GIRL and BOY on
L. The GIRL is playing with rag doll; BOY whittling.)*

MOTHER.

What are you doing, children?
 You've been quiet there so long. *(Looks L.)*
 Ah, you are just playing.
 I wish Father would come along.
 Run to the doorway, children,
 And see if he's hereabout.
 I'm always afraid for your father
 Since there are Indians close about.

BOY.

Why, Mother, you know the Indians
 Never quarrel with us, nor fuss,
 It does not seem right to fear them.
 Doesn't God take care of us?

MOTHER.

Yes, son, but Indians are cruel.
And they might at any time,
Come to our cabin in anger.
So I fear them, children mine.

GIRL (*at door*).

Oh, Mother, I see some one,
Hiding behind that tree.
Come here quick. For, Mother,
I want you and John to see.

(MOTHER and BOY run to door.)

MOTHER.

Yes, it must be an Indian.
And he doesn't act just right.
He doesn't come up like they usually do,
But sneaks like a thief in the night.

GIRL.

Oh, Mother, he saw us, I know it.
But now he's gone away.
Perhaps he's gone on home again,
And he won't come here to-day.

BOY.

Gone? No, there he is coming,
I think he acts sneaking, too.
Oh, Mother, if he's on the war-path,
Whatever will we do?

MOTHER.

Stand there by that gun, Johnnie dear.
Baby, hide behind that chair,
For they are very dangerous when
They their war-paint wear.

(*Enter INDIAN, war-paint on. He scowls, then stands with arms folded.*)

MOTHER (*not betraying fright*). What can I do for you? (*INDIAN remains motionless.*) Are you hungry? Here is bread to eat. (*Cuts a loaf in half.*) Help your-

self. You are welcome. (INDIAN *snatches a half-loaf, eats ravenously. MOTHER brings him an old gourd filled with water.*) Drink!

INDIAN (*ceases to scowl, snatches dipper and drinks. He rubs his stomach in a satisfied way, then grunts.*) Heap good! More! (*Snatches other half of loaf of bread, rushes out.*)

MOTHER.

Oh, children, come and help me.
We must fasten the door tight.
He might come back with others,
And it will soon be night.

GIRL (*running up to MOTHER and catching her skirts*).
Oh, Mother, where is Father?
Why doesn't he come soon?
Oh, do you think they've killed him?
He said he'd come at noon. (*Cries.*)

MOTHER. There, dear, there. Don't cry, Mother's girl. It will be all right.

Boy.

Why, Sister, quit that crying.
God will take care of you.
Mother has much to worry her.
Please be a good girl, do!

(*War-whoop sounds far off. A shot, then another. MOTHER bends head, and clasps hands in prayer; BOY picks up gun; MOTHER takes down other gun. GIRL hides behind chair; there is a knock on door.*)

FATHER. Open the door. It is I, Thomas. It is I, your father, children. Open the door.

(*They put guns down and joyfully open door. The FATHER enters, kisses wife, pats BOY on head, sits down with GIRL on his knee.*)

GIRL. Oh, Father, we are glad to have you back. We were so afraid of the Indians. Please don't go away again, Father.

Boy. Father, what was the noise? We heard the shots and the war-whoop. Was there a real fight?

(The Boy stands by his mother, who has seated herself.)

FATHER.

We had just finished our hunting trip,
And were nearing home again,
We had hoped to be here much sooner,
But we couldn't get here. Then,
We had seen some signs of Indians,—
Out on the war-path, too—
Then I longed for home, and wanted
Very much to get back to you.
We had to come so slowly,
And as we came nearer home, you know,
We saw fresh signs of the Indians,
It was plain to us then, though,
Which way the band was headed;
We knew they were headed here,
Towards our own little village,
And our hearts turned sick with fear.
But we had the strength of many
Given to us right then,
And we circled around them, just as some scout
Returned to report to them,
That the village was without protection,
That we men were all away.
Just then their war-whoop sounded—
But they found us in their way.
We were between them and the village,
And they did not try to pass. When
They heard our guns belch thunder,
They had enough of it then.
They took to the woods and were gone.
Thank God we reached home to-day,
And we are all safe, my loved ones.
Come, children, let us pray.

(All kneel as curtain closes.)

SCENE II

COLONIAL DAYS

SCENE.—*A candle-lighted room. Old furniture. Everything stiff and prim.*

(The characters are two small GIRLS, one large Boy as FATHER, one large girl as MOTHER. One negro girl as servant. The costumes are of this period.)

MOTHER *(alone, patching)*. Oh, that this cruel oppression would cease.

King George is so very unkind.
He has done so much to trample us down.
But he cannot keep us there, he will find.
He placed a tax on so many things,
And made them far too high.
He lost in that attempt to rob us.
He will lose in other things by and by.

(Enter GIRLS.)

1ST GIRL. Mother, isn't it late for tea?

2ND GIRL. It surely must be, Mother dearie. For I'm hungry as can be. And you have the candles, Mother.

MOTHER. Yes, dears, it is long past time. But as your father has not come yet, we will just go ahead and have it served. Call Mary, please.

1ST GIRL *(running to door)*. Mary, oh Mary, Mother says to serve tea, now.

(Enter servant, with tray. Sandwiches, cakes and so on.)

1ST GIRL. Mother, why do we still say "tea" when we cannot have tea any more?

2ND GIRL. I'll bet King George has his tea all right. I hate him, I do.

MOTHER. Hush, dearie. You must not speak like that. I am in hopes we will have better times again some day soon.

2ND GIRL. Please tell us about that Tea Party at Boston again, Mother.

MOTHER. All right. You may go, Mary. (*The children eat a sandwich, as MOTHER talks.*) I want you girls to learn this story by heart.

King George of England, as you know,
Rules these Colonies, too.
But he is not kind to his subjects here,
And we are tired of it, that's true.
He will not have in Parliament
Men from our own shore.
But he cannot tax us enough it seems,
So he's always asking more.
Our men have decided once and for all,
That that would just slavery be;
That taxation, without representation,
Is only tyranny.
So when that ship arrived with tea
They wanted that tea very much,
But they wanted more to be a free people
And that tea they would not touch.
So as Indians they went to the shore,
And climbed aboard that boat,
And emptied the tea into the harbor—
All of it was set afloat.

1ST GIRL. Well, Mother, I cannot say I exactly understand what it all means, but I don't want any of his old tea now, anyway.

2ND GIRL. Neither do I. Oh, I hear Father coming.

(*Both run to door and take his hand as he enters.*)

FATHER. I am glad you did not wait lunch.

MOTHER. You were so late and the girls were hungry, so I had it served. I will have some more brought in.

FATHER. No, dear, there is plenty here for me. I am not hungry. Children, run out and play. I want to talk to your mother. [GIRLS *exeunt*.

Martha, there have many things
 Been happening, as you know,
 Since the Boston massacre
 Nearly five years ago.
 We have been crushed and beaten down;
 Our Colonies are not free;
 And we have found we can no longer
 Stand England's tyranny.
 So at last the hour has sounded
 For us to act—not talk,—
 And we will fight to the bitter end.
 We will not be the mock
 And fun of other nations,
 But we will be free men,
 We'll stand; we'll fight till freedom
 Shines from the sky again.

(*Straps on a sword, takes it from scabbard, raises it in salute. The children enter and stand R. and L. NEGRO enters and stands with bowed head.*)

MOTHER.

Oh, Father, how I dread it,
 War is so cruel to all.
 It means that each must suffer.
 But if there has come a call
 For men to fight for freedom,
 The women and children, too,
 Must do their part as bravely.
 So we will stand with you.

FATHER (*who has sheathed sword, now puts his arm around MOTHER. CHILDREN stand R. and L. of them*).

I'll fight with the men in the battles,
 And will hear the cannon's roar.
 But, for you, my loved ones, I dread the war,
 For you, I dread it more.

But the God who rules above us,
Will guard and keep you, I know,
While I am away in the fighting,
So I am willing to go.
For God is with the cause of Right.
He'll help us victory to win,
And bring us a happy country
From out the battles' din.

MOTHER.

We'll pray for you, won't we, children?

(*They nod.*)

When you are far away.

And God will keep you safe and well,

And bring you back some day.

NEGRO (*stepping forward*).

And 'deed and I'll pray, too, Marster,

God'll hear eben me.

Come back soon and tell we-alls

Dat dese Colonies am free!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

(*Negro Scene, Civil War Period.*)

SCENE.—*A cotton field: easily arranged by nailing small dry branches of trees to strips of board, and to the branches tying bits of cotton. These boards are placed in rows; about three or four will be enough. The characters are four negroes—two girls, two boys—picking cotton. One small negro boy, one small negro girl are playing in front. The costumes are those used before the war.*

(*As the curtain rises the four large ones sing "Swanee River," while they work. When last verse is sung they leave their work and move to front of stage,*

swinging and swaying to music. As an encore, one verse of "Dixie" may be sung. Children in front begin to quarrel.)

BOY (*giving girl shove*). You gwan 'way and gib me dat doll.

GIRL. You gib me back dat doll. Hit's mine, I tells you. You heah me!

BOY (*tearing doll apart*). Huh! 'Tain't nuffin' but an ole co'n-silk doll, no-how.

GIRL (*crying*). Mammy, you come back heah! You come heah.

(MAMMY catches boy, who has run to R. Others look on, and laugh.)

NEGRO (*who is watching at L. during the above*). Oberseer's comin'. Come on, he's purt nigh done heah.

(*All rush back to work.*)

VOICE (*off stage*). What do you mean, you fool niggers? (*Cracks a whip.*) Any more fooling round here and some nigger's going to feel this whip.

(*All glance fearfully off L., then fall to picking.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE IV

(*Civil War Period, continued*)

SCENE.—*A sitting-room. Northern home at the close of the war. The characters are a Northern girl and boy, Southern girl, negro girl. The costumes are of the Civil War period.*

(*Two GIRLS are sitting in the room, sewing. Enter BOY, limping and carrying his arm in a sling.*)

MAUDE. Oh, Harold, you should not play you are a

wounded soldier. If you had been just a few years older, you might have been in this dreadful war, and really been wounded.

BOY. Oh, I wish I had been big enough to have passed in. You bet I'd have gone. Clarence was only four years older and he got to go. Wish I was big as he was.

MAUDE. Mother and I are very thankful you were not. You see we just have to have one man around the house. Take off that sling, Harold, please do. It gives me the creeps.

HAROLD. All right then, here she comes off. I wouldn't bother you for the world, Maude. (*Pulls off sling, drops limp, runs across to GIRL at R.*) Hello, Sarah, and how's the little rebel to-day?

SARAH. Please, do not call me such names, Harold. And, anyway, you know I would rather be a rebel than to have to mind old Abe Lincoln like you No'therners have to do, so there! (*Stamps foot.*)

MAUDE (*coming across room*). Now don't tease Sarah any more, Harold. When Uncle Fred sent her North to us to keep her safely out of the war zone, we promised Father we'd be good to her. We have learned to love each other in spite of the fact that we do not agree about the North and the South, nor about Generals Grant and Lee. Do we not love each other, cousin? I can love her and love the Stars and Stripes at the same time. (*Waves a little flag.*)

SARAH (*pulling a small Confederate flag from her belt*). And even though I am very loyal to the Stars and Bars of my dear old Southland, I can forget that you are a part of the hated North, for I love you, dear cousin. (*Puts arm around MAUDE.*)

HAROLD. Forgive me, Sarah. I —

TOPSY (*rushing in and throwing herself at SARAH's feet*). Good land, Miss Sarah, honey, Ah's free, Ah is. Dey's a man out on de po'ch, and he jes' done tole me so.

(*She struts around. HAROLD rushes off R.*)

SARAH (*haughtily*). What are you trying to tell, Topsy?

TOPSY (*paying no attention, starts to sing and dance to a negro melody*). Ah's done free, Ah's done free.

SARAH (*excited*). What do you mean, Topsy? Stop that dancing and tell me at once.

HAROLD (*enters from R.*). Girls, the war is over. The news has just come and Major Harkness came to tell us. Lee has surrendered to Grant. Hurrah!

(*Grabs a large flag from stand and waves it.*)

TOPSY. Dat's jest what Ah's done tryin' fo' ter tell you all. Ah's free. Whoopee!

SARAH (*sinks into chair at R., tucks flag of Stars and Bars in belt*). Oh, we've lost. We've lost. Poor Father. (*Cries.*) Even Topsy has deserted me!

TOPSY. Lawdy, Miss Sarah, Ah's a free nigger, but Ah's yourn jest de same. You ain't gwine ter send me away from you, is yer? Miss Sarah, honey, Ah jest couldn't lib widout you noway.

(*Bursts into loud weeping and kneels by SARAH.*)

SARAH. No, Topsy, you may live with me always and always. I couldn't do without you either. And when Father comes for me, you can go with us.

(*TOPSY rises and goes to R. MAUDE and HAROLD go to SARAH.*)

MAUDE. Don't cry, dear, we love you just the same as ever. And now this old war is over and we will not have to quarrel about it again. And our fathers will come home and we will be so much happier.

HAROLD (*coming up behind the girls and holding large flag over their heads*). And now we have the same flag once more. The two flags will be blended into one again. Oh, I'm glad, glad! Girls, take your flags out—both of them. Now stand up here. (*GIRLS obey.*) Now cross those flags above your heads. See how they blend into this one?

SARAH (*brightening*). Oh, I hate to lose, but since it is all over, I will be a good loser. No daughter of the

Southland is a coward. And only a coward would fail to bow to fate. I'm glad the horrible fighting is over. And I think in time we'll all learn to be happy again under the old banner.

ALL. Indeed we will.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN

SCENE V

(World War Period)

SCENE.—*Junior Red Cross Headquarters. Girls about stage, sewing, or knitting. Boy Scout is packing a box. The characters are three Junior Red Cross Workers, one Boy Scout, one Soldier, one Red Cross Nurse, one Salvation Army Girl, one Y. W. C. A. Girl. PEACE.*

1ST GIRL. Oh, I do not see why I could not have been just a few years older. I don't like to sit here sewing old bandages when I might have been in France, helping to bind up some soldier's wounds with them, instead. I'd like to be a nurse, I would.

2ND GIRL. Oh, I'd like to go overseas, too. I think it's too tame for anything to sit here and knit, and knit, and never get to do anything really worth while.

BOY SCOUT *(glancing up from his packing)*. Oh, I say, you girls shouldn't fuss. Women don't do much in war anyway. But it's downright hard to be a boy and too young to go. I'd surely like a shot at an old Hun, I surely would.

3RD GIRL. Oh, you needn't talk. Women and girls are doing a lot in this war. What would the men do without all these bandages, and socks, and sweaters, and all these things, I'd like to know. And sometimes I think we help even more than we know.

SALVATION ARMY LASSIE *(entering)*. Good-morning,

all of you. How well you are all looking. And you are doing such nice work here, too. (*Examines work of several.*) I think the Junior Red Cross is doing a wonderful work. You are a big help to our soldier boys.

ALL. Thanks.

1ST GIRL. Yes, but you get to go across the water to help, don't you? I think you are lucky. You can help so much more than we can.

SALVATION ARMY LASSIE. Yes, I expect to go to help if they send for me before the war is over. But do not think you are not helping. You are, every one of you. You, too, little Boy Scout.

Y. W. C. A. GIRL (*enters while she is speaking*). Well, I think you *are* helping out. Do not think because you are not doing the big things that you are doing nothing. You are doing very good work here, I see.

(*She examines some of the work, then sits down and begins to write.*)

RED CROSS NURSE (*entering*). Good-morning, all. Here I find that my busy little bees are at work before me. My, what a help to Uncle Sam are his girls and boys.

(*She sits at a desk and sorts socks, sweaters, etc.*)

SOLDIER (*enters and salutes*). Busy again, all of you. Good for you. When I get to France I want to think you are here at home backing me up.

2ND GIRL (*rising and going over to him*). Oh, Fred, it seems so good to have you home from camp.

3RD GIRL (*glancing up*). Yes, it certainly does. How long a leave do you have?

SOLDIER. Only another day. We are to leave for the thick of it, soon, I think.

(*Bells ring; auto horns toot; great commotion outside.*)

ALL (*jumping up*). What is it?

Y. W. C. A. GIRL (*looking out*). There is such a crowd gathering. What can it be, do you suppose?

PEACE (*a tall girl, dressed in loose, floating, white robe, enters. She carries a banner with "Peace" printed upon it*). I bring to you the joyful news that you are to have peace once again. The armistice has been signed, and that is what the people are celebrating. All this work is not needed now, and we hope that such things will never be needed again. Oh, that there might be no more war. That peace might reign forever upon this earth. For after all, peace is the most wonderful thing upon earth. You may all stop your work and join the whole country in celebrating this glorious event.

(*PEACE has been standing in c. at rear. SOLDIER seizes flag and stands beside her. Others group in semi-circle on either side of them. All sing a National Air as the curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN

THE UNINVITED GUEST

*(Twenty minutes)**(A one-act play for children. Twelve or more children in cast.)*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FREDERICK.....	<i>the small host</i>
MADGE.....	<i>his older sister</i>
MRS. BURTON.....	<i>their mother</i>
GRACE.....	<i>a guest, who recites well</i>
FLORENCE	<i>a guest</i>
CLARA	<i>guest</i>
JAMES	<i>guest</i>
HARRY	<i>guest</i>
VICTOR	<i>guest</i>
SAMUEL	<i>small colored waiter</i>
LILLIE.....	<i>small colored waitress</i>
LOUISE.....	<i>the uninvited guest</i>

(These are all the speaking parts. If you care to use more children they may fill in as guests, provided an even number of boys and girls is used.)

COSTUMES

FREDERICK and MADGE, best party clothes.

MRS. BURTON, dressed as a middle-aged woman, nice clothes.

GUESTS, party dresses and suits.

SAMUEL, dark suit, flashy red tie.

LILLIE, dark dress, white cap and apron.

LOUISE, ragged dress and shoes, large patches on front and back of dress; she shows poverty, but is clean and her hair is neatly combed but tied with a piece of shoe-string.

SCENE.—*A pretty garden scene, arranged for a children's party. Japanese lanterns may be used, or flags*

and bunting. There are chairs arranged about the stage. Three on R. front and three opposite on L. A tree or very large palm at rear on R. Small table at rear on L.

(As curtain goes up, MADGE skips in, LILLIE and SAMUEL following her.)

MADGE (*dancing about stage, and looking all around as she does so. Straightens out a chair here and there, then speaks*). Lillie and Sam, have you everything ready to serve?

LILLIE. Yes'm, eberthing done ready.

SAM. Deed an' dey is ready, Missie. (*Rolls eyes solemnly as he assumes a dignified attitude, hands crossed in front of body.*) Deed and double dey is ready.

MADGE. Oh, Sam, please behave yourself. If you do not, I will get the regular help to do this, yet. This is my first time to manage a party all by myself. And I thought I'd like to have you and Lillie help me. But if you can't behave, I'll just tell Mother I must have James to serve.

SAM. I'll be good. We-alls can manage dis party jest as well as any ob dem grown-ups can.

MADGE. All right then, Sam, you and Lillie will have to try your best. I do not want to have to call on Mother for help at all if I can do without it. Sam, you are to stand right back of Frederick, and if he receives gifts you are to take them and lay them on that table over there, understand?

SAM. Deed an' I does. How old am Marse Frederick, anyway?

MADGE. Why, Sam, you ought to know. How many candles on the cake?

SAM. Deed an' I jest forgot to count dem candles.

LILLIE. Forget, nuffin', he cain't count, dat's what ails him. Dey's twelve, Sam, dey's twelve. He am twelve years old. Think you can 'member dat?

SAM. Yes, 'course I can. I knew it all erlong. I jest wanted to find out if you knowed. (*Laughs, and so*

do MADGE and LILLIE.) Guesses I'll hab one ob dese here parties on my birfday, an' see if I can get some ob de gran' presents, too. (*Chuckles and turns to LILLIE.*) What'll you gib me when I does, Lillie?

LILLIE. A box on the ears, you rascal. I'll gib you one now if you come a-foolin' round me. (*SAM has edged his way toward her, and is bowing and smiling at her.*) You git away from me, I tells you! Now, you quit dat foolin', you no-count rascal, you!

MADGE (*stamps her foot*). Sam, you quit that. This is no time for foolishness. Run away, now, and fix the rest of the things to bring in. But wait a minute, Sam. When you have taken the presents you are to take the boys' caps, too. You may take them into the house.

SAM. Yes, Miss Madge, I understands.

MADGE. Well, then, you may go. (*Exit SAM to R.*) Lillie, you are to bow to the girls like this. (*Just give a little bow or bend of the head.*) Then say, "Come this way, ladies, to the dressing-room." Then go with them to my room, and assist them if they need you. I know that is the way, for it is the way they always do at Mother's parties. Now, then, Lillie, what are you to say to them?

LILLIE. I'se to say: "Come on in, ladies, wid yo' hats."

MADGE (*laughing*). No. You must say: "Come this way, ladies, to the dressing-room." Now, try it again. And don't forget to bow.

LILLIE (*making a low, awkward bow*). "Come dis way, ladies, to de dressin'-room." Am dat right, Miss Madge?

MADGE. Oh, it will do. But be careful. If you make quite such a bow as that, you might take a tumble, you know.

(*MADGE straightens chairs once, moving nervously about. LILLIE starts off R., but steps back as FREDERICK enters, and stands at rear R.*)

FREDERICK. Everything ready, Sis? (*Looks around,*

whistles, then puts hands in pockets and struts about stage.) My, aren't things dandy fine! Surely does look swell, Sis. I don't believe Mother could have done much better herself.

MADGE. Thanks, Frederick. But if you keep your hands in your pockets you will not be a very polite host, I am afraid. Now, please try and act a little gentleman for once.

FREDERICK. Oh, don't you worry about my actions. You have plenty to do to watch yourself, you know. (*Laughing heard off L.*) Oh, here they come. Sam, oh, Sam, come here.

SAM (*entering from R.*). Here I is. I'se ready, I is. How 'bout you, Lillie? Am you ready, too?

(*Edges up to LILLIE who draws back.*)

LILLIE. You let me be, I tells you.

MADGE. Sam, Sam, you let her be. Do you hear me! Frederick, you stand here by me. (*Moves to C.*) Sam, you meet them and bow and wave them over to us, like this—(*Bows and waves hand gracefully to R.*) Lillie, you stand over by that tree and take the girls to my room like I told you to do, then you may come back for the others. Do you all understand?

LILLIE. I does, Miss Madge, and I'll get along scrumptuous if dat Sam will let me alone. (*Goes to R.*)

(*Enter GRACE and FLORENCE. SAM bows very awkwardly, and waves them to R. All assume grown-up manners, of course overdoing it.*)

FLORENCE. How-do-you-do, Madge. And you, too, Frederick. (*Shakes hands with both and hands a package to FREDERICK.*) I hope you will have a very happy birthday.

FREDERICK. Thanks, very much.

GRACE (*repeating same action*). A very happy birthday, Frederick.

FREDERICK. Thanks, awfully. I hope you will enjoy the party.

(He steps to L. and hands the gifts to SAM, then returns to MADGE'S side.)

LILLIE *(bowing in awkward fashion)*. Dis way, ladies, to de dressin'-room. Come along, you all.

(Leads GIRLS off R. as HARRY and VICTOR enter L.)

HARRY *(rushes up to MADGE and FREDERICK, in a boy's natural way)*. Hello, there, Madge. How are you, old scout, Frederick. Put her there. *(Holds hand out.)*

VICTOR *(steps forward and draws HARRY back and whispers to him as he does so)*. Why, Harry, that isn't the way. Don't forget that this is a party and not a ball-game. *(Bows over MADGE'S hand, as HARRY turns away, muttering "I'd rather it was a ball-game myself.")* How-do-you-do, Madge? *(Shakes hands with FREDERICK.)* Hope you'll have a happy birthday, Frederick.

FREDERICK. Thank you. Sam!

SAM. May I take yo' caps, gentlemen?

VICTOR. Thanks, Sam. *(Both boys hand caps to SAM.)*

HARRY *(pulling out a package from his pocket)*. This is to wish you a happy birthday, Frederick, old boy! *(Aside to VICTOR.)* Beat you to it, Vic., wasn't that better?

VICTOR *(aside)*. Oh, a little. *(Aloud.)* I had almost forgotten that I had brought you a trifling memento of the happy day. Many happy returns, Frederick.

FREDERICK. Thanks, boys. Just walk over and take seats. Make yourselves at home. *(Goes to L.)* Sam, please place these on that table.

(SAM, entering R., crosses and takes the packages. He places them on the table and as FREDERICK goes to R., SAM holds up a package tied with a red string and winks at audience as he places it on the table. FREDERICK goes and stands by tree at R. VICTOR and HARRY start to chairs at L. front.)

HARRY (*looks about, whistles and puts hands in pockets*). Some gay, isn't it? Frederick's putting on airs right, isn't he?

VICTOR (*whispering*). Oh, Harry, take your hands out of your pockets. I am almost sorry I promised to look out for you. You act like a monkey all the time. Please try for once. Let's sit down.

HARRY. All right, bossy, I'll be good. But it's so much easier to be just plain boy. All this fooling and fussing belongs to girls and not to us boys anyway. (*Starts to sit but stumbles over the chair, almost falls. Winks at audience as he straightens up and sits down.*) I'm no society light, I'm afraid. Guess I'd better vamoose if I can't do better, eh?

VICTOR (*laughs*). Oh, Harry, you're a sight.

(*Enter from R., GRACE and FLORENCE. MADGE leads them to chairs on R. The first chair on R. is kept vacant. Girls and boys call "Hello" to each other as girls are seated. MADGE and FREDERICK return to C.*)

CLARA (*enters L. in a haughty manner. She is carrying a very pretty hand-bag. She ignores SAM, who shrugs his shoulders comically and returns to L. rear. All the children in front look disgusted as she enters. She is evidently not a favorite.*) How-do-you-do, Madge, I think it is lovely to be invited to the party. How are you, Frederick? This package is to express to you my sincerest wishes for a happy birthday.

(*As FREDERICK receives the package, the ones in front still look disgusted. HARRY mimics her manner to the delight of the others.*)

FREDERICK. Thank you very much. Here, Sam, please take this package.

SAM (*handling package gingerly and rolling his eyes at CLARA*). Yes, here I is.

MADGE. Lillie!

LILLIE (*entering R., bows low to CLARA and waves her hand toward R.*). Dis way, lady, to de dressin'-room.

(*As CLARA goes haughtily past her LILLIE winks at the rest and then follows CLARA, mimicking her walk.*)

JAMES (*enters in a natural way. He hands cap to SAM, then goes up to MADGE*). Hello, Madge and Frederick. Good of you to have such a nice party. Hello, everybody. Here's to a happy birthday, Frederick. (*Holds up a package and puts it on the table with the rest.*)

FREDERICK. Thanks, James, come on, let's join the others.

(*They move to front. JAMES sits by GRACE. FREDERICK on opposite side. MADGE meets CLARA as she enters from R. and leads her forward. CLARA greets all with a haughty "How-do-you-do?" She is still carrying her hand-bag. She takes first chair on R.*)

ALL. Hello, Clara.

FLORENCE. Oh, Clara, what a pretty hand-bag.

CLARA. Thanks. It is a very fine one. I received it for one of my Christmas gifts last year. It came from England, I believe.

GRACE. Yes, it is lovely. You always have such nice things, Clara. (*Aside to FLORENCE.*) If she wasn't so proud of them.

HARRY (*aside to VICTOR*). I can't stand that girl. Can you?

VICTOR (*aside to HARRY*). No. She puts on too many airs for me.

FREDERICK. Oh, I say, Madge, what'll we do? Can't we play something?

MADGE. I might ask some riddles. "What can go round and round the house and leave but one track?"

HARRY. Aw! That's a chestnut. Old as the hills.
A —

GRACE. I don't care if it is. I never heard it. Let me see. (*Studies.*) I give it up. What is it, Madge?

VICTOR. May I say? It's a wheelbarrow.

HARRY. 'Course it is. But I never saw much sense to it. Because if it went around the second time they would have to be careful not to make another track.

MADGE. Well, let's try again. "When is a man like a chimney?"

HARRY (*groans*). Aw! Madge, that's worse than ever. Give us a new one or none.

JAMES. You're an old faultfinder, Harry. But I know the answer, Madge. May I tell?

MADGE. Yes, go ahead. "When is a man like a chimney?"

JAMES. When he smokes.

FREDERICK. Yes, that's right. But we can't please Harry with riddles unless we know some new ones. And I do not believe Madge knows any Harry hasn't heard. I know what let's do. Let's try that stunt of seeing who can blow out the candle while blindfolded.

ALL. Oh, yes, let's.

FREDERICK (*calls*). Sam!

SAM (*entering R.*). Yes, here I is. (*He bows so elaborately that all laugh.*)

FREDERICK. Bring a candle, a match, the piano-stool and a small towel. And be quick about it, Sam, if you please.

SAM. I'll be so quick, I'se done back already. Let's see, a candle, a match, de piano-stool an', an'—(*Scratches head.*) What was dat other thing? I'se done forgot already.

MADGE. A towel, Sam. You may get Lillie to help you with the things.

SAM. I'se done gone now, I is.

(*Exits R., scratching head and murmuring "towel, match," etc., as he goes. All laugh.*)

FREDERICK. Now we'll get ready.

MADGE. All move your chairs back a little bit. Then we will have more room in the center.

(*All move chairs a little. CLARA hangs her hand-bag on the back of her chair. It should be in plain view of audience.*)

SAM (*enters and places piano-stool in c., then hands a towel to MADGE*). Der am de stool an' de towel. Lillie hab de rest.

LILLIE (*enters and places a match and a candlestick with candle, on stool*). Der am de rest, Miss Madge.

MADGE. Thank you. You and Sam may stand back there and watch the fun if you want to. (SAM *winks at LILLIE, who shrugs shoulders. They both go to rear, and stand near R. They laugh heartily at the others.*) Now, who's going to be first? You, James?

JAMES. No, it wouldn't be polite. Mother always tells me to remember "Ladies first." So I say take Florence.

FLORENCE (*drawing back*). Oh, no, not first. I couldn't. You'd laugh at me.

HARRY. We'll laugh at you anyway. You're an old fraidy-cat, you are.

GRACE. Now, Harry, please do not make fun of any one. Suppose you try it yourself, Smarty! You are so very brave, it seems.

HARRY. All right, I'm game. Tie the towel on, Madge. (*As he goes to MADGE he stumbles over VICTOR'S feet. All laugh.*)

MADGE (*tying the towel around HARRY'S eyes*). Frederick, you light the candle. Now I'll whirl you around three times so you won't know where you are. And when I say the word you are to go to the candle and blow it out. All the rest of you come back here and stand in a row, so he cannot follow your voices. (FREDERICK *has the candle ready. All the rest go to rear as MADGE directs.*) Now, ready, Harry. One—two—three—go! (*Whirls him about as she counts the three, then gives him a shove as she says "Go."*)

HARRY (*stumbling around, bumps into chairs. He should be able to see, however*). Oh, I'm nowhere near the center. (*Goes a little way, and stops.*) Here you

are, old candle. Now, then, out you go! (*Blows hard three times. As he is not apt to be near the candle, this is funny. All laugh.*) Well, did I get it? (*Tears towel from eyes, then when he sees how far away he is he runs to R. and sinks on first chair.*)

FREDERICK. Now, who's next? Harry's a blow, all right. But not a good blow at that. Who's next? It must be a girl.

FLORENCE. You called me a "fraidy-cat," Harry, and so I will try it. I am sure I cannot do worse than you. All right, Madge, I'm ready.

MADGE (*takes the towel from HARRY and ties it around FLORENCE's head*). Now, all ready. Harry, you come here with the rest.

(*HARRY, in obeying, catches the chair and throws it over. The hand-bag falls off and as he puts the chair back he pushes the bag off stage. He does not notice it, however. MADGE is seeing that the candle is all right, and all are watching her. No one notices the bag.*)

FLORENCE (*aside to GRACE, who is standing next to her*). I can see. Madge did not get it on tight enough. But don't let on now, and we'll have some fun.

MADGE. All right, Florence. (*Goes to her and whirls her around.*) One—two—three—go!

FLORENCE. Oh, these chairs. Let me see, I'm too far over. (*Goes to opposite side.*) More chairs. I'm wrong again. Must be this way. Now, for the center! (*Goes to candle and blows it out.*)

HARRY. She can see. She can see.

ALL. Yes, she can see.

CLARA (*with great dignity*). She cheated. I thought every one played fair. I know I always do. I do not like to associate with girls who act so.

FLORENCE (*jerks off towel*). I didn't cheat. I thought it would be fun not to let on. Madge did not tie it tight enough; and I told Grace not to "let on," and we would have some fun. But Clara acts so smarty

without giving me a chance to explain. I'm not going to stay. I'm sure she likes to associate with me as well as I do with her. (*Cries.*)

FREDERICK. You must not go, Florence, we understand. Don't we?

ALL. Of course. (*But CLARA turns her back.*)

MADGE. Of course you will stay. We just did not know you were in fun. We will play something else. Sam, you and Lillie may take out the stool and things.

(*SAM and LILLIE begin to pick up the things, they bump heads and glare at each other, but finally get them off stage.*)

CLARA. Now what shall we do? Please, let us play something that is not quite so silly.

MADGE. I think it is time Frederick opened his packages. What do you all say?

ALL. Oh, yes, do.

FREDERICK. Sure I will. Will you boys help with the table? (*They lift the table to c. The others group about. As he opens the packages he lifts them up and thanks the giver. The third package contains a small, tin horn, a joke from MADGE.*) I thank you, Sis, but I am no longer a baby. (*But as they all laugh, he blows the horn, then he opens another package. It is from one of the guests.*) Hello, what's this? All done up in red. (*Begins to unwrap package SAM held up for audience to see. After taking off a lot of paper he reveals a tiny doll.*) "From Sam and Lillie." The rascals. Wait till I get them after the party.

HARRY. Really, Frederick, I did think your baby days were over. I did not think of it or I'd have brought you a doll myself.

ALL (*laughing*). Oh, Baby Frederick!

FREDERICK. That's all I'm going to open now. I'll thank the rest of you sight unseen.

ALL. Oh, go on, Frederick.

FREDERICK. That's enough. Let's put it back. (*The boys move table to L. rear again.*) Now what'll we do?

JAMES. Can't some one think of something?

FLORENCE. Oh, I know. Grace will recite for us. Won't you, Grace?

GRACE. No, please don't ask me.

ALL (*clap hands*). Grace! Grace!

(GRACE recites anything that is considered fitting.)

ALL (*clap*). Give us another.

GRACE. No, thank you. I know what let's do!

CLARA. What?

GRACE. Let us play that game, Madge, you lead us in. You know it is something like the Virginia Reel and yet isn't like it.

CLARA. But we cannot play that without music.

MADGE. I'll get Mother to play for us from the house. You clear the lawn and I'll run and ask Mother to play.

(MADGE goes off R. All move chairs back.)

FREDERICK. Now all choose partners, boys. (*Goes to CLARA and bows.*) May I have the honor?

(HARRY and GRACE, JAMES and FLORENCE. VICTOR meets MADGE as she returns.)

MADGE. Mother will play. All to their places. (*They form two columns across stage. MADGE should be the girl nearest to audience.*) All ready?

ALL. Yes.

MADGE (*calls*). All ready, Mother.

(*Music begins. LOUISE, the uninvited guest, comes in L., then moves over to R. and hides behind the tree. She peeps around it and watches. The others go through the following dance: Meet in c. and bow. Meet in c. and whirl around, hands clasped. Meet in c. and back around each other, back to places. Both couple one and couple two go through these movements, then CLARA breaks it up by screaming.*)

CLARA. My hand-bag! Where did I put it? (*Rushes to chair where she had left it.*) It's gone. Who has it? Who has my beautiful bag?

(CLARA begins to cry. MADGE goes R. Music stops. All look disgusted but join in the search. They draw up their chairs and take the positions they had at first.)

VICTOR. This is just the way we sat. Now, Clara, what did you do with your bag?

CLARA. I hung it on the back of this chair, and now it's gone. Who has it? I want my bag! (*Cries louder than ever.*)

JAMES (*catching sight of LOUISE, who is trying to pass off L., without being seen*). Oh, look, Frederick, who is that?

FREDERICK (*runs to LOUISE and pulls her to c. She draws back frightened. JAMES takes her other arm and together they hold her*). Now, Miss, who are you? And what are you doing on our lawn?

LOUISE (*much frightened*). Oh, I wasn't doing anything but watching you. Please let me go; I want to go home.

CLARA (*rushing up*). Oh, I know she is the one that has stolen my bag. You give me back my bag, you thief.

HARRY. Wait a minute, Clara. You don't know she has your old bag. I can't see what she'd want it for anyway.

CLARA (*forgetting dignity*). Smarty! (*Makes a face at HARRY.*) I'll just bet she has my bag. Things don't walk off by themselves. If you don't give me back my bag I'll tear your eyes right out.

MRS. BURTON (*entering with MADGE and going back of LOUISE*). Why, children dear, what is the trouble?

CLARA (*still angry*). This beggar girl has stolen my bag.

MRS. BURTON. Are you sure?

CLARA. Of course I am. I couldn't have lost it, and what's she doing here if not to steal?

MRS. BURTON (*to LOUISE*). What have you to say, my dear? Let go her arms, boys. You must not be so rough.

LOUISE. Please, ma'am, I haven't seen any bag. I just heard them playing and laughing and I sneaked in to watch them, ma'am. I haven't been out from behind that tree. (*Cries with fright.*)

MRS. BURTON. There, don't cry. I do not believe you took it. (*Brings up a chair.*) You just sit here, and I am going to look for that bag. The rest of you just take your chairs. I am afraid Clara was too excited to have made a thorough search.

CLARA. You just look in her pocket. I'm sure she has it.

LOUISE (*crying more than ever*). Oh, no, I never saw it. Honestly I didn't.

MRS. BURTON. There now, Clara, please let me attend to this. If the little girl has your bag she shall be made to return it. But, for my part, I think we will find it some place else. Now, Clara, just where did you hang that bag?

CLARA. Right here on the back of this chair. And you see for yourself it's gone.

MRS. BURTON. Get up, Clara, please. Now move out your chair. Oh, I see! Did you look back of this small flower-bed out here?

CLARA. No, it couldn't have been out there, could it? I tell you that beggar has it.

MRS. BURTON (*steps back of curtain, then returns, holding up the bag*). Here it is. I am afraid you did not look well enough. Some one has kicked it through the flowers and not noticed it. It is not so very large, you know.

CLARA. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Burton, for finding my precious bag. But I was just sure she had it.

MRS. BURTON. Never be too quick to judge others, my dear little girl. You only cause trouble for yourself and them. This little girl is not as well dressed as you, perhaps, but that is no sign that she is a thief. She is

neat and clean and you know she cannot help it, if she is poor. (*Goes and sits beside LOUISE, who has not stopped crying. MRS. BURTON takes her hand.*) There, dear, don't cry. The children are sorry for having suspected you. And now, children, how are we going to make it up to her? How about it, Frederick, it is your party, you know?

FREDERICK. And may I do just as I please about it, Mother?

MRS. BURTON. Yes, Frederick.

FREDERICK (*rising and going back of chairs to L. front*). Well, then I'll say—(*Turns.*) What is it, Lillie?

LILLIE. De lunch am ready in de dinin'-room, Marse Frederick.

MRS. BURTON. All right, Lillie, in a moment we will be ready. You may go on, Frederick.

FREDERICK. Then as the host of this party, and as my best birthday gift, I want to invite this little girl. What is your name?

LOUISE. My name's Louise. But I want to go home. (*Tries to leave.*)

MRS. BURTON (*putting arm around her*). It's all right, dear. Please stay where you are. Frederick wants to make it up to you. All right, Frederick.

FREDERICK. Then, as host, I want to invite Louise to be my special guest at lunch. And as a birthday gift, I want a unanimous vote for her to remain. All who want Louise to stay and eat lunch with us, please rise. (*All rise quickly but CLARA. The rest look at her, until she rises reluctantly.*) Thank you, all of you. Mother, will you take Clara, please? I intend to take Louise.

(*SAM enters L., LILLIE steps over to his side as the rest file out R. in the following order: GRACE and HARRY, FLORENCE and JAMES, MADGE and VICTOR, MRS. BURTON and CLARA, LOUISE and FREDERICK. After they have gone SAM bows to LILLIE.*)

SAM. Will you-all do me de honor ob taking my arm?

LILLIE. Come 'long, den, you no-count rascal you.
Don't you know dat we hab to serbe dat lunch?

*(They cake-walk out. Just as they reach the entrance
on R. both look back and laugh at audience.)*

CURTAIN

THE LAND OF VACATION

*(Twenty minutes)**(A play for children for close of school)*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ELIZABETH.....	<i>a tall girl, tired of books and study</i>
OLD MAN STUDY.....	<i>tall boy</i>
VIOLET.....	<i>girl, a Fairy of Spring</i>
IMP OF MISCHIEF.....	<i>boy</i>
QUEEN OF VACATION LAND.....	<i>tall girl</i>
FAIRY OF HARD WORK.....	<i>boy</i>
FAIRY OF MUSIC.....	<i>girl</i>
ONE FLOWER FAIRY.....	<i>girl</i>
TWO JOY FAIRIES.....	<i>girls</i>
TWO WORK FAIRIES.....	<i>one boy, one girl</i>
FOUR SMALL GIRLS to sing for FAIRY OF MUSIC.	

COSTUMES

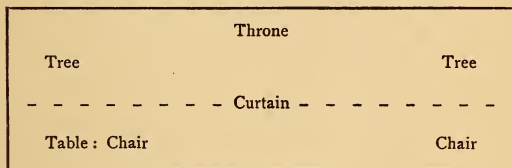
ELIZABETH, *school dress.*OLD MAN STUDY, *dressed as an old man, long gray beard, powdered hair, wears spectacles, carries cane, and limps as he walks.*VIOLET, *white fluffy dress, violet sash, large hat of violet, white stockings crossed with violet ribbons and white slippers. She carries a wand with a violet bow tied near end.*IMP OF MISCHIEF, *red or black and red clown suit.*QUEEN OF VACATION LAND, *long flowing white robe, large white wings, crown of flowers or silver paper.*FAIRY OF HARD WORK, *overalls.*FLOWER FAIRY, *same as VIOLET, only in yellow.*JOY FAIRIES, *any white dresses with red sashes.*FAIRY OF MUSIC, *same as VIOLET, only in pink, and carries some small musical instrument.*

GIRL WORK FAIRY, *gingham dress, white cap and apron, carries a small broom.*

BOY WORK FAIRY, *overalls, carries hoe.*

SMALL SINGERS, *pretty white dresses.*

SCENE.—*A curtain near front of stage conceals the real setting. In front of it, just a small table and chair at extreme R., chair at extreme L. Behind curtain, a fairyland scene. Greenery and palms about stage. A flower-covered throne in center back. Trees, made by nailing branches of trees to crosspieces of wood, as Christmas trees are fixed, stand one at R. and one at L. Greenery is placed around base to conceal the wood.*



(ELIZABETH is discovered sitting on chair near table. There is a pile of school books on the table. She holds one in her hand.)

ELIZABETH (*yawning and stretching her arms*). Oh dear, I'm so tired of studying. I feel like I never in this world could keep on till the end of school. Now that is foolish, for there is only one more little week. And then—(*Sings.*)

Oh, ho, for vacation,
The time I love best,
For a good long vacation
Of playtime and rest.
I'll sing and I'll dance
And shout loudly for glee,
For vacation's the season,—
The season for me.

(*Tosses book on table.*) I know what I am going to do. I'm going to hurry through these lessons and see if I can't meet vacation half-way. (*Opens another book, finds grade-card.*) Oh, I had forgotten. Here is my grade-card. The teacher waited till now to give them to us so as to be sure who was in and who out of exams. Then she told us not to open them until we were home. I'm in exams., I'm afraid. (*Opens card, then jumps up and dances for joy. Runs to other side of stage, calls.*) Mother, oh, Mother, I'm out of exams! Yes, honestly! Isn't that grand! (*Goes back to table.*) Now, old books, I'm actually through with you. No more recitations this year. Hurrah! Now for good old vacation time and all play and no study nor work.

(*Enter OLD MAN STUDY from L. ELIZABETH is surprised and startled.*)

OLD MAN STUDY. Well, my dear little lady, so we meet at last. You act as if you do not know me. I'm Old Man Study. I'm just about the oldest thing on earth. Everybody always studies. You think you are rid of me because you are through with these (*Points to books.*) but you are just beginning to study when you close these up. You cannot get away from me.

ELIZABETH (*overcoming her fright*). Oh, but you are badly mistaken. I am through with you for three whole months, Old Mister Study!

OLD MAN STUDY (*bowing stiffly*). Sorry, my dear little lady, I am very sorry if you feel that way, but you will never be through with me. This world is made up of study and work, and in some way we must always be at it.

ELIZABETH. But surely not in vacation!

OLD MAN STUDY. Yes, in vacation, too. Always. You do not have to study from books, oh, no, but you must study just the same.

ELIZABETH. I'm sure I do not understand you.

OLD MAN STUDY. And I am afraid I am not the one to make you understand. You are too afraid of me.

You see, when you play, you study how to play the best you can, or you do not enjoy your play. When you work you study how to do it right. When you take a walk in the woods you study the birds and flowers. So, you see, you study when you do not even know you are studying. If you will work as well as play during vacation, you will be far happier than if you do as you are planning and have all play and no work.

ELIZABETH. But I do not intend to work or to study either during vacation. I hate to work or to study either, so there!

OLD MAN STUDY. I cannot make you see. Oh, I know what I will do. I do not want you to be an idle little girl. I want you to grow up a fine useful lady. I want you to learn that work and study are necessary to make you happy. I'll call Violet, the Fairy of Spring. She can tell you all about it.

ELIZABETH (*pouting*). Who is Violet? I do not know as I want her to come, even if she is a fairy, if she intends to show me that I have to work.

OLD MAN STUDY. Oh, you'll like her all right. Fairy of Springtime! We call her Violet, because she is always around in the early Spring. I'll call her. You stand behind the table there. (*Goes to L. and recites.*)

Fairy of Springtime,
Violet bright,
Come to the rescue
Of my sad plight.
Come help me to show
To this little one,
That all life's a mixture
Of work and of fun!

(*He steps to rear on L. MUSIC plays a lively tune as VIOLET enters from L. She runs on tiptoe to C., then to front, and bows to R. and L. Then she whirls clear around and runs to L. Music stops.*)

VIOLET. I heard your call for help, dear Old Father Study. What can I do for you?

OLD MAN STUDY. Why, this young lady (*Points to ELIZABETH.*) is determined to discard both work and study for the next three months. I cannot convince her that it is necessary to do either during vacation time. She thinks vacation should be all play. I need your help to show her it should not.

VIOLET. Oh, I can help you and I will. (*Runs to ELIZABETH, who is still at R.*) Why, my dear little girl, even fairies do not find life all play. I am going to show you what the Fairyland of Vacation is like. I'll take you there. (*Recites.*)

We work, we play,
We laugh, we sigh,
We study what is best to do,
We play, we sing,
We shout, we dance,
And we are happy all day through.

Now you can never guess whom I am going to call to help me take you to Fairyland of Vacation. Wait a^r see. (*Runs to L. and calls.*)

Oh, Imp, dear Imp of Mischief,
Come now, I need your aid,
For without your happy presence
I'll ne'er convince this maid.

(*She waves wand. MUSIC begins a very lively tune. IMP OF MISCHIEF tumbles onto the stage, turning handsprings or jumping or hopping in any lively, unusual manner. Goes to front, sits cross-legged on stage, bobs head to R. and L., screws up his face in an exaggerated wink, jumps up suddenly, runs to R. and pinches ELIZABETH. ELIZABETH, who was laughing at his antics, screams and draws back in fright. VIOLET runs up to them and shakes IMP. MUSIC stops.*)

VIOLET. No more of that, you Imp! You can be a dear when you want to be, and I want you to be one now.

So please get one of your sober moods on and help me. Are you going to?

IMP (*who has been winking at the audience, suddenly turns to VIOLET with an exaggerated seriousness*). I am! Just tell me what to do.

VIOLET. Oh, I intend to keep you busy for a moment, anyway. I've always found that Imps of Mischief are much better when kept busy. (*The IMP has been working his way to ELIZABETH, who draws back.*) Here, come away from her, you tease. I want you to help me to take her to our Fairy Vacation Land. You go on that side now and help me pull the curtain that conceals our Fairyland.

(*IMP pulls VIOLET'S hair as he passes her. He runs to R. front, sits, winks at audience, then looks mischievously at VIOLET. She waves her wand threateningly. He jumps up and helps her pull the curtain. ELIZABETH claps her hands in delight at the scene. IMP runs to tree at L. and hides behind it, peeping at audience. OLD MAN STUDY picks up books from table.*)

OLD MAN STUDY (*to ELIZABETH*). And now, my dear, I'll leave you to the mercy of Violet and her fairies all. I'll take these books away, but she can perhaps tell you of other studies for vacation time. Farewell to your books until next September, then, Elizabeth.

(*ELIZABETH tosses her head as he limps off R.*)

VIOLET (*drawing ELIZABETH to L. front*). You are to sit here, my dear, and I will summon those who dwell in this Fairyland of ours. (*Runs to rear and waves wand to R. then L.*)

The first to enter here, you see,
Is queen of all our fairy band;
She rules us all with mighty power,
But we love to obey her least command.

(Steps back as QUEEN enters L. MUSIC plays softly and slowly as she enters. IMP mocks her stately walk, but as she ascends the throne, he kneels. VIOLET goes to R. of throne and kneels. IMP is on L.)

QUEEN. You may arise, dear Violet. Come and stand here, near my throne. And there's the Imp of Mischief, too. Well, you may arise and, if you can behave yourself, may come here on this side of my throne. (IMP turns a handspring to position indicated by QUEEN.) Imp, you may sit down on the ground, and be very still until I speak to you. You know that I do not approve of your antics at all times. I want you to be good sometimes.

IMP (making an awkward bow). Oh, Queen, I am. Just wait until I tell you all I've done. Why, without a little spirit of mischief and clean fun what would become of the earth, I wonder?

QUEEN. I know, dear Imp, you do a lot of good. But please be quiet, now, for I have "affairs of state" to attend to.

(IMP sits down, but gradually edges his way to tree, there he sits and plays peep with ELIZABETH, who cannot keep from laughing.)

QUEEN. Now, Violet, my dear, what have you done to-day? So near vacation time as this, I hope all of my fairies have been faithful to their tasks.

VIOLET (bowing low). I've tried to be faithful, O beloved Queen. This is what I've done. (Recites.)

I set me forth at break of day,
To see fresh dew was on the ground;
To see that new spring flowers were out;
And found them blooming all around.
And then I met some little girls
And boys from school set free,
And taught them how to plant the seeds
And help the gardens grow for me.

I've also set my helpers here
At work in lovely fairyland,
And already we have blooming now
Some flowerets that are very grand.

(Waves wand to L. and a FAIRY enters. It is the FLOWER FAIRY. She bows to QUEEN and passes to R., stands there while QUEEN speaks, then bows again and exits to R.)

QUEEN. You have done nobly, dear Violet. You may go now, Flower Fairy. Try to see how you can help to make the earth beautiful. *(Exit FAIRY.)* Violet, you may sit on the edge of my throne and help me with the rest of my morning's duties. Now, Imp, where are you? *(IMP jumps to position.)* In mischief as usual. Come, tell me what you have done to help the children through vacation time work and play.

IMP *(bows again awkwardly and recites).*

Oh, lovely Queen of Vacation Land,
I've helped more than any in all our band;
I've helped in, out, and all round about;
I've made the children laugh and shout.
I've taught them how to sing and play,
And to be happy all through the day.
Without my mischief in their eyes,
This world would be a land of sighs,
So I have sent my helpers out
To put all childish woes to rout.
My fairies now I'll call for you,
And know that you will love them, too.
This is the Fairy of Laughter,

(Enter 1ST JOY FAIRY.)

And every one says, "No one like her."

(1ST JOY FAIRY bows to QUEEN, then goes to R.)

This is the Fairy of True Joy and Gladness;

(Enter 2ND JOY FAIRY, L.)

Did you ever see a dearer little miss?

(2ND JOY FAIRY bows and goes to R.)

Now, Queen, please say I've done right well,
And maybe I'll be real good, who can tell?

(The two JOY FAIRIES give this little dance. Music plays a waltz.)

1. Dance to center, hand in hand, use waltz step.
2. Bow to QUEEN.
3. To front of stage.
4. One turns R., one L.
5. Dance around stage.
6. Meet in front of throne.
7. Repeat from 3, only turning around every sixth step.
8. Back to places at R.

QUEEN. Oh, dear little Imp of Mischief, even you have been at work, for if you implant in children the joy of living, they share that joy with their elders. Study, and work faithfully to give clean fun and happiness to the children of earth. You may take your helpers out to play, but do not go too far away. (*Exeunt IMP and JOY FAIRIES. He rushes up to them and taking an arm of each, struts comically out. QUEEN laughs: then turns to VIOLET.*) Violet, please call the Fairy of Hard Work.

(VIOLET runs to L., waves wand. Enter FAIRY OF HARD WORK who kneels to QUEEN.)

QUEEN. You may arise, Fairy of Hard Work. I suppose you are a little tired. Your task is not an easy one at any time, but especially hard during vacation-time. But what work have you done now?

HARD WORK (*recites*).

Dear Queen, you are quite right, as always;
 My work has not been light;
 It is not so easy to make folks work
 As it is to make them gay and bright.
 However I have succeeded
 In scattering round about
 Some sound advice to children
 Who from school have been let out.
 I've talked with Old Man Study,

Who's been with them all the year,
And he told me, "Some are workers,
While others shirk I fear."
So he agreed to help me,
And we're teaching children all,
Vacation is not all for fun,
That on each some work must fall.
Here's the boy who plants the garden,

(Enter BOY WORK FAIRY.)

And knows how to tend it, too,
Now I call him a useful chap,
And "worth his salt," don't you?
(BOY bows to QUEEN, then moves R.)

Then here's the mother's helper,
(Enter GIRL WORK FAIRY.)

A bright, dear little girl.
Mother calls her "Precious Sunshine"
And her "lovely little Pearl."

(GIRL bows then goes R.)

QUEEN. You've helped the world out wonderfully.
I thank you for your help. For when children realize
that vacation is not all for selfish fun, it is a very real
help to mothers and fathers.

(The IMP has slipped in and stands at L., dodging, so as not to be seen by QUEEN. He mocks every one and carries on all sorts of mischief. He goes to ELIZABETH and teases her by making her jump, he slips up behind her and tickles her on the neck with a feather. She thinks it a fly and slaps at it, then he doubles up, laughing silently. VIOLET finally sees him and puts him off stage. Others laugh. VIOLET returns to throne.)

QUEEN *(continuing)*. Dear Hard Work Fairies, you
may take a vacation yourselves and rest the remainder
of the day. Good luck to you. You have well earned
your playtime. *(They bow and exeunt.)* Now, Violet,

please summon the Musical Fairy, for without music what would vacation-time be like? (*VIOLET runs to L. and waves wand. MUSIC plays very softly as a lovely FAIRY OF MUSIC enters. She moves with slow and great dignity to front of throne, bows low.*) Dear Fairy of Music, what have you done to make vacation work and play for mortal children?

MUSICAL FAIRY (*MUSIC, soft and low, while she speaks*).

Oh, Queen, when set to work by you,
To teach the children what to do
In vacation-time, with music sweet,
I found I had a task complete.
I had no time to idly waste;
No idle moments, I moved with haste.
I had to work to teach them all,
Vacation was the time to call
Their own for music practice time;
To learn the joy of music's spell,
Whenever they sing or play it well.
And I'll have thousands soon at work,
Not one of them their task will shirk.
And if you really wish me to,
I'll call out four of them for you.

(*QUEEN nods. MUSIC changes to a march. Enter FOUR SMALL GIRLS, as FAIRIES OF MUSIC. They file in front of QUEEN and bow, then turn and march to front of stage, all four abreast. Be sure to keep a straight line in moving forward. MUSIC changes to a song. Any school song may be used. They sing, MUSIC plays a march again, they turn, march to rear, bow to QUEEN and exeunt single file to R. MUSIC stops.*)

QUEEN. You certainly have done well with your work, oh, Musical Fairy, if that is a fair sample of the start you've made. You may stand here on the right side of my throne. Violet, please summon all our friends at once, then you may stand on the other side of the throne

when you return. I see the Imp is already here. Imp, you may stand here at my feet where I can watch you.

(VIOLET, who is on L. for this last scene, runs to R., waves wand, then returns to position assigned by QUEEN on L. step of throne. MUSIC, a march. The entire Cast of Characters file in and form a semi-circle; half on R.; half on L. of throne. FAIRY OF HARD WORK on R. front, and OLD MAN STUDY on L. front.)

QUEEN. And now, dear little mortal girl Elizabeth, (ELIZABETH rises.) that you have seen our vacation Fairyland, and know that each of us must work and study, even though we are fairies, do you care to join our ranks? You see how a vacation should be spent, not in idle dreaming and in play, but in helpful work and study as well! You see we are always happy, for we are too busy to be discontented and unhappy. Do you think you could care for our kind of a vacation?

ELIZABETH (eagerly). Yes, O Queen, I know I should love it. And I do want to join this year. I see now, so many things I could have done during vacations before. Please let me join you. I shall not be happy unless you do.

QUEEN (to VIOLET). Please bring her here.

(VIOLET goes to ELIZABETH and leads her to throne. ELIZABETH kneels. QUEEN steps from throne and helps her to rise, then steps back on throne and lays the tip of her scepter on ELIZABETH'S head.)

QUEEN. Rise, little vacation Fairy, Elizabeth. You are to be one of us from now on. I feel sure you will have the happiest, most joyous vacation you have ever had. We welcome you. Fairies, bow to greet our new member. (Fairies bow.)

ELIZABETH. Thanks, O Queen. I already love Vacation Land! My, what a happy, happy summer I am going to have!

(MUSIC "*Marching Through Georgia*." QUEEN picks up a large flag that is lying on the throne at back, and VIOLET and FAIRY OF MUSIC find smaller ones; they wave them in time to the music. Others, led by FAIRY OF HARD WORK, march once around stage, then back to position. All sing. Tune, the same.)

On this joyous summer day
 We'll sing another song,
 Sing it with a spirit
 That will start the world along.
 Sing it as we love to sing it,
 With childish voices strong,
 While we are working and playing.

(Chorus.)

Hurrah, hurrah, for dear Vacation Land!
 Hurrah, hurrah, come join our happy band!
 We'll all then sing the chorus
 While we work and while we play,
 While we go marching through vacation.

(MUSICIANS play chorus once again, singers repeat words of chorus, while marking time. Those on throne wave flags in time to music. At the conclusion of song, curtain is drawn, all remain quietly in places until curtain is quite closed except IMP, who turns a handspring to front of stage and winks at audience.)

CURTAIN

THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts by Marie J. Warren. Four males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and ingenious little play, admirably suited for amateur acting. Written for and originally produced by Wellesley College girls. Strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

A VIRGINIA HEROINE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Susie G. McGlone. Eleven female characters. Scenery, easy; costumes, modern. Plays one hour and forty-five minutes. Irish and Negro comedy parts, and two character parts; most of the characters young. A very easy and interesting play for girls, well suited for school performance. Romantic interest with lots of comedy.

Price, 35 cents

OUR CHURCH FAIR

A Farcical Entertainment in Two Acts by Jessie A. Kelley. Twelve females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. A humorous picture of the planning of the annual church fair by the ladies of the sewing circle. Full of local hits and general human nature, and a sure laugh-producer in any community. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

ALL CHARLEY'S FAULT

A Farce in Two Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, three females. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern. Plays two hours. A very lively and laughable piece, full of action and admirably adapted for amateur performance. Dutch and Negro comedy characters. Plays very rapidly with lots of incident and not a dull moment. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

HOW THE STORY GREW

An Entertainment for Women's Clubs in One Act by O. W. Gleason. Eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant; may be given on a platform without any. Plays forty-five minutes. A very easy and amusing little piece, full of human nature and hitting off a well-known peculiarity of almost any community. Written for middle-aged women, and a sure hit with the audience.

Price, 25 cents

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Easy to stage and full of interest. The female parts are the stronger, being exceptionally good. Negro and "hayseed" comedy parts. A very strong dramatic piece. Can be recommended.

Price, 35 cents

THE CONJURER

A Dramatic Mystery in Three Acts

By Mansfield Scott

Author of "The Submarine Shell," "The Air-Spy," etc.

Eight male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 each for subsequent performances by the same company. Free for school performance. George Clifford, incapacitated for service at the front, employs his great talents as a conjurer to raise money for the soldiers. He is utilized by Inspector Steele, of the U. S. Secret Service, in a plan to discover certain foreign spies. The plan goes wrong and involves seven persons in suspicion of a serious crime. Clifford's clever unravelling of this tangled skein constitutes the thrilling plot of this play, the interest of which is curiously like that of the popular "Thirteenth Chair." This is not a "war-play" save in a very remote and indirect way, but a clever detective story of absorbing interest. Strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

INSPECTOR MALCOME STEELE.	DRISCOLL WELLS.
GEORGE CLIFFORD.	DOCTOR GORDON PEAK.
CAPTAIN FRANK DRUMMOND	DETECTIVE WHITE.
GLEASON.	MARION ANDERSON.
LIEUTENANT HAMILTON WAR-	EDITH ANDERSON.
WICK.	ELLEN GLEASON.
COLONEL WILLARD ANDERSON.	DOROTHY ELMSTROM.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The home of Colonel Anderson (Friday evening).

ACT II.—The office of Inspector Steele (Saturday afternoon).

ACT III.—The same as Act II (Saturday evening).

THE OTHER VOICE

A Play in One Act

By S. vK. Fairbanks

Three voices, preferably male, are employed in this little novelty which is intended to be presented upon a dark stage upon which nothing is actually visible save starlight. It was originally produced at Workshop 47, Cambridge, where its effective distillation of the essential oil of tragedy was curiously successful. An admirable item for any programme seeking variety of material and effect. Naturally no costumes nor scenery are required, save a drop carrying stars and possibly a city sky-line. Plays ten minutes only; royalty, \$5.00.

Price, 25 cents

HITTY'S SERVICE FLAG

A Comedy in Two Acts
By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eleven female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays an hour and a quarter. Hitty, a patriotic spinster, quite alone in the world, nevertheless hangs up a service flag in her window without any right to do so, and opens a Tea Room for the benefit of the Red Cross. She gives shelter to Stella Hassy under circumstances that close other doors against her, and offers refuge to Marjorie Winslow and her little daughter, whose father in France finally gives her the right to the flag. A strong dramatic presentation of a lovable character and an ideal patriotism. Strongly recommended, especially for women's clubs.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MEHITABLE JUDSON, *aged 70.*
LUELLA PERKINS, *aged 40.*
STASIA BROWN, *aged 40.*
MILDRED EMERSON, *aged 16.*
MARJORIE WINSLOW, *aged 25.*
BARBARA WINSLOW, *her daughter, aged 6.*
STELLA HASSY, *aged 25, but claims to be younger.*
MRS. IRVING WINSLOW, *aged 45.*
MARION WINSLOW, *her daughter, aged 20.*
MRS. ESTERBROOK, *aged 45.*
MRS. COBB, *anywhere from 40 to 60.*

THE KNITTING CLUB MEETS

A Comedy in One Act
By Helen Sherman Griffith

Nine female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays half an hour. Eleanor will not forego luxuries nor in other ways "do her bit," putting herself before her country; but when her old enemy, Jane Rivers, comes to the Knitting Club straight from France to tell the story of her experiences, she is moved to forget her quarrel and leads them all in her sacrifices to the cause. An admirably stimulating piece, ending with a "melting pot" to which the audience may also be asked to contribute. Urged as a decided novelty in patriotic plays.

Price, 25 cents

GETTING THE RANGE

A Comedy in One Act
By Helen Sherman Griffith

Eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an exterior. Well suited for out-of-door performances. Plays an hour and a quarter. Information of value to the enemy somehow leaks out from a frontier town and the leak cannot be found or stopped. But Captain Brooke, of the Secret Service, finally locates the offender amid a maze of false clues, in the person of a washerwoman who hangs out her clothes day after day in ways and places to give the desired information. A capital play, well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

LUCINDA SPEAKS

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eight women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. **Plays an hour and a quarter.** Isabel Jewett has dropped her homely middle name, Lucinda, and with it many sterling traits of character, and is not a very good mother to the daughter of her husband over in France. But circumstances bring "Lucinda" to life again with wonderful results. A pretty and dramatic contrast that is very effective. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

ISABEL JEWETT, *aged 27.*

MIRIAM, *her daughter, aged 7.*

MRS. MCBIERNEY, *aged 50.*

TESSIE FLANDERS, *aged 18.*

MRS. DOUGLAS JEWETT, *aged 45.*

HELEN, *her daughter, aged 20.*

MRS. FOGG, *aged 35.*

FLORENCE LINDSEY, *aged 25.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Dining-room in Isabel Jewett's tenement, Roxbury, October, 1918.

ACT II.—The same—three months later.

WRONG NUMBERS

A Triologue Without a Moral

By Essex Dane

Three women. Scene, an interior; unimportant. Costumes, modern. **Plays twenty minutes.** Royalty, \$5.00. An intensely dramatic episode between two shop-lifters in a department store, in which "diamond cuts diamond" in a vividly exciting and absorbingly interesting battle of wits. A great success in the author's hands in War Camp work, and recommended in the strongest terms. A really powerful little play.

Price, 25 cents

FLEURETTE & CO.

A Duologue in One Act

By Essex Dane

Two women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. **Plays twenty minutes.** Royalty, \$5.00. Mrs. Paynter, a society lady who does not pay her bills, by a mischance puts it into the power of a struggling dress-maker, professionally known as "Fleurette & Co.," to teach her a valuable lesson and, incidentally, to collect her bill. A strikingly ingenious and entertaining little piece of strong dramatic interest, strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

OLD DAYS IN DIXIE

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Five males, eight females. Scene, a single interior. Costumes of the period. Plays two hours and a quarter. Beverly Bonfoey, a high type of Southern gentleman, loves Azalea, his mother's ward, but Raoul Chaudet, a Canadian adventurer, to whom he has given the hospitality of Bonfoey, steals her love. Forced to leave suddenly because of crooked money transactions, he persuades her to elope, but this is prevented by a wonderfully dramatic device. Beverly then challenges Raoul, who shows the white feather and runs away, and Beverly, to save the family honor, assumes the consequences of his swindling transactions. The untying of this knot is the plot of a strong play with a genuine Southern atmosphere written wholly from the Southern point of view. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for subsequent performances by the same cast.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE, *the Goddess of the South.*
MADAME BONFOEY, *mistress of the plantation.*
AZALEA, *her ward.*
NANCY, *Azalea's sister.*
COUSIN SALLIE SELLERS, *from a neighboring estate.*
PHOEBE, *a little coquette.*
MARY ROSE, *Phœbe's sister.*
MAM' DICEY, *the house mammy.*
BEVERLY BONFOEY, *the young heir.*
JUDGE PENNYMINT, *his uncle.*
RAOUL CHAUDET, *a visitor from Quebec.*
CAMEO CLEMM, *from the city.*
UNKER SHAD, *a bit of old mahogany.*
Beaux and Belles of Dixie.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. The drawing-room of the Bonfoey Plantation in 1849. The letter.
ACT II. The dinner party. The duel.
ACT III. An April morning, three years later. The return.

THE ORIGINAL TWO BITS

A Farce in Two Acts
By Hazel M. Robinson

Written for and presented by The Invaders Club of the United Baptist Church of Lewiston, Maine

Seven females. Scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. The girls in camp receive a visit from a neighbor and have to borrow the neighbor's own dinner in order to feed them. They almost get away with it—not quite. Irish comedy character, eccentric aunt, rest straight.

Price, 25 cents

HAMILTON

A Play in Four Acts

By Mary P. Hamlin and George Arliss

Eleven males, five females. Costumes of the period; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance where an admission is charged, \$25.00 for each performance. Special royalty of \$10.00 for performance by schools. This play, well known through the performances of Mr. George Arliss still continuing in the principal theatres, presents the builders of the foundations of the American Republic as real people, and its story adroitly illustrates not merely the various ability of its leading figure, Alexander Hamilton, but the unconquerable courage and determination that were his dominating characteristics. The vividness with which it vitalizes the history of its period and the power with which it emphasizes Hamilton's most admirable and desirable quality, make it most suitable for school use, for which special terms have been arranged, as above. Strongly recommended.

Price, 60 cents

CHARACTERS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

GENERAL SCHUYLER.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

MONROE.

GILES.

TALLYRAND.

JAY.

ZEKIEL.

REYNOLDS.

COLONEL LEAR.

FIRST MAN.

BETSY HAMILTON.

ANGELICA CHURCH.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

SOLDIER'S WIFE.

MELISSA.

THE SCENES

ACT I.—The Exchange Coffee House in Philadelphia.

ACT II.—A room in Alexander Hamilton's house in Philadelphia. (The office of the Secretary of the Treasury.)

ACT III.—The same. (Six weeks later.)

ACT IV.—A reception room in Alexander Hamilton's house. (The next morning.)

THE MINUTE MAN

A Patriotic Sketch for Girls of the High School Age in a Prologue and Three Episodes

By Nellie S. Messer

Thirteen girls. Costumes, modern, Colonial and of the Civil War period. Scenery, three interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Betty and Eleanor, typically thoughtless girls of the present day, run across the diaries of Bess's mother and grandmother, which relate the experiences of girls of their age and kind at previous periods of their country's history, and learn a vivid lesson in patriotism. The scenes of the past are shown in dramatic episodes visualizing the matter of the diaries that they read. A very clever arrangement of a very stimulating subject, strongly recommended for all occasions where the promotion of patriotism is desired. A timely lesson strongly enforced.

Price, 25 cents

OVER HERE

A Drama of American Patriotism in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Seven male and six female characters. Two easy scenes, a village square and a plain room; may be played on any stage or platform. A play designed to instil in the minds and hearts of the actors and the audience a deeper love for their country and a more thorough understanding of America's motives in entering a war to "make the world safe for democracy." While several very strong emotional rôles are introduced, the play, with careful rehearsing, may be made a big success even in the hands of the most inexperienced amateurs. Dan Monihan, jail-bird, water-rat, enemy of society, becomes the tool of certain German spies and brings an important package to Eckert, a wealthy miller at River Landing, Mo. The entrance of our country into the world struggle, the volunteers leaving for the cantonments and the teachings of the patriotic Miss Em Finch tend to change the character of Dan Monihan from a German spy to an American lad willing to die for his country. In an intensely dramatic scene in the third act Dan, taunted with being a traitor and a man without a country, turns on Eckert, and, in a frenzy of patriotic hysteria, tries to kill the arch-spy. The play has certain literary qualities that will appeal to all teachers, and its patriotism will electrify its audiences and keep them tense with emotion from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Royalty, \$10 for each performance.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

DAN MONIHAN.

J. B. WHEEDON.

JUDGE GARY.

COMRADE FERGUSON, *a veteran*
of the Civil War.

TOMMY CRONIN.

FREDERICK J. ECKERT.

CORPORAL SHANNON.

MISS EM FINCH.

MISS LORNIE DAVIS, *the milliner.*

LIZZIE.

MRS. CRONIN.

CELIA BAKER.

A CHILD.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The village square at River Landing, Mo. The day they heard the news.

ACT II.—Same scene as Act I. The day the boys marched away.

ACT III.—Sitting-room in Eckert's house. The night the spy came home.

STRONG MEDICINE

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Ernest L. Noon

Three male, three female characters. Costumes modern; scene, an interior. Plays an hour and a quarter. Royalty for amateurs, \$5.00 for each performance. If a young surgeon should propose to you in his operating apron just after an operation, you would probably refuse him anyhow just as Kitty Davidson did Dr. Gordon. Perhaps the method you chose to repair the blunder would work better than Davidson's did, but it might not be as funny. A very novel and amusing piece strongly recommended. All the parts evenly good.

Price, 25 cents

PROFESSOR PEPP

A Farical Comedy with a College Flavor in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy exterior, the same for all three acts. Plays two hours and twenty minutes. Professor Pepp, on a vacation trip to Russia, is initiated by Boris Ardoff, a Russian humorist and former pupil of the Professor's, into a Nihilist Society "The Redeemers;" and is so unlucky as to draw the red ball which obliges him to murder the Princess Katchakoffsky. In terror he at once flies from Russia, but Boris, to prolong the joke, writes ahead of him to a friend on the faculty, telling the story and revealing the password—"Bumski." With this weapon everybody in turn has his own way with the terrified Professor, who sees a Nihilist in every bush. A side-splitter with more good parts than any piece of its kind for years. Strongly recommended for school or college performance. *Price, 35 cents*

CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR PETERKIN PEPP, *a nervous wreck.*

MR. C. B. BUTTONBUSTER, *a giddy butterfly of forty-eight.*

HOWARD GREEN, *his son, who had the court change his name.*

SIM BATTY, *the police force of a college town.*

PEDDLER BENSON, *working his way through school.*

NOISY FLEMING, *just out of high school.*

PINK HATCHER, *an athletic sophomore.*

BUSTER BROWN, *a vociferous junior.*

BETTY GARDNER, *the professor's ward.*

AUNT MINERVA BOULDER, *his housekeeper, from Skowhegan, Maine.*

PETUNIA MUGGINS, *the hired girl.*

OLGA STOPSKI, *the new teacher of folk-dancing.*

KITTY CLOVER, *a collector of souvenirs.*

VIVIAN DREW, *a college belle.*

IRENE VAN HILT, *a social leader.*

CAROLINE KAY, *the happy little freshman.*

Students, Co-eds, etc.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Professor Pepp's residence on the college campus.

ACT II. Same scene. Surrounded by the nihilists.

ACT III. Same scene. A double wedding.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME

A Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Whitney, rehearsing for amateur theatricals with Vincent Fielding, a dramatic coach, in her own home, is misunderstood by Ophelia Johnson (colored), her maid, who summons the police to straighten out what seems to her a very criminal state of things. Rastus Brown, a plumber and admirer of Ophelia, helps Officer Hogan to muddle matters into a very laughable state of confusion. *Easy and strongly recommended.* *Price, 25 cents*

THE AIR-SPY

A War Play in Three Acts

By Mansfield Scott

Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. Royalty, \$10.00 for first, \$5.00 for subsequent performances by same cast; free for school performance. Inspector Steele, of the Secret Service, sets his wits against those of German emissaries in their plot against Dr. Treadwell's air ship, a valuable war invention, and baffles them after an exciting pursuit. An easy thriller, full of patriotic interest. Easy to get up and very effective. Strongly recommended for school performance. Originally produced by The Newton (Mass.) High School.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

DR. HENRY TREADWELL, *inventor of the Giant Air-ship.*
 VICTOR LAWRENCE, *his pretended friend—a German spy.*
 HAROLD FELTON, *of the United States Army.*
 CARLETON EVERTON, *a young Englishman.*
 KARL SCHONEMAN, *of the German Secret Service.*
 FRANZ MULLER, *his assistant.*
 ARTHUR MERRILL, *also of the United States Army.*
 INSPECTOR MALCOM STEELE, *of the United States Secret Service.*
 HENRY GOOTNER, *a German agent.*
 FRANCIS DRURY, *one of Treadwell's guests.*
 CORPORAL THAYER.
 PRIVATE FREEMAN.
 RUTH TREADWELL, *Treadwell's daughter.*
 MURIEL LAWRENCE, *Lawrence's daughter.*
 MRS. TREADWELL.
 MARGARET LINDEN, *a friend of Ruth's.*

THE TIME.—America's second summer in the war.

THE PLACE.—A deserted mansion on a small island near Eastport, Maine.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The afternoon of June 10th.

ACT II. The evening of September 21st.

ACT III. *Scene 1.* The afternoon of the next day About 1:30.
Scene 2. An hour later.

ART CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A Play in One Act

By Mary Moncure Parker

Twelve females. Costumes of 1890 with one exception; scene, a single easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Describes the trials of an ambitious woman who desired to form a club in the early days of club life for women about thirty years ago, before the days of telephones and automobiles. A capital play for ladies' clubs or for older women in general. The costumes are quaint and the picture of life in the year of the Chicago World's Fair offers an amusing contrast to the present. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CAMP FIDELITY GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Edith Lowell

*Dramatized by permission from the well-known story by
Annie Hamilton Donnell*

One male, eleven females. Scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. A jolly party of girls occupy an old farmhouse for the summer and there discover a secret that makes for the happiness and prosperity of a poor little cripple. A very "human" piece full of brightness and cheer and with a great variety of good parts.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

BARBARA WETHERELL

JUDY WETHERELL, *her sister*

JESSICA THAYER

MARY SHEPHERD, *otherwise Plain Mary*

EDNA HULL

MRS. TUCKER, *a next-door neighbor.*

JOHNNIE TUCKER, *known as Johnnie-Son.*

BARNABY CAMPBELL, *a big child.*

JENNIE BRETT, *a country girl.*

COUSIN SALOME.

AUNT ELIZABETH.

UNCLE JEFF.

*students at
Hatton Hall School.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Room at Hatton Hall School.

Act II. *Scene I.* Camp Fidelity. Afternoon. *Scene II.* The next morning.

ACT III. *Scene I.* Same. Two weeks later. *Scene II.* Midnight.

ACT IV. *Scene I.* Same. Six weeks later. *Scene II.* A half hour later.

MARRYING MONEY

A Play in One Act

By Alice L. Tildesley

Four females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The girls seek a job with the millionaire's mother and one of them gets one for life with the millionaire. One eccentric character and three straight.

Price, 25 cents

THE OVER-ALLS CLUB

A Farce in One Act

By Helen Sherman Griffith

Ten females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The "Over-Alls Club" meets for the first time in its denim costume with enthusiasm for economy that only lasts until young Dr. Ellery is announced. Finishes in pretty gowns.

Price, 25 cents

Plays for Junior High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunu	3	4	1 1/2 hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1/2 "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
Class Day	4	3	3/4 "	25c
Chums	3	2	3/4 "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	1/2 "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	3/4 "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 1/2 "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	1/2 "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	3/4 "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	3/4 "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 1/2 "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 1/4 "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 1/2 "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	1/2 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	3/4 "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 1/4 "	25c
Local and Long Distance	1	6	1/2 "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c
An Outsider		7	1/2 "	25c
Oysters		6	1/2 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	1/2 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	1/2 "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	1/2 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 1/2 "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
Camp Fidelity Girls		11	2 1/2 hrs.	35c	None
Anita's Trial		11	2 "	35c	"
The Farmerette		7	2 "	35c	"
Behind the Scenes		12	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Camp Fire Girls		15	2 "	35c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The House in Laurel Lane		6	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Her First Assignment		10	1 "	25c	"
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spain		4	1 1/2 "	35c	\$5.00
Marrying Money		4	1 1/2 "	25c	None
The Original Two Bits		7	1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Over-Alls Club		10	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Leave It to Polly		11	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor		7	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Miss Fearless & Co.		10	2 "	35c	"
A Modern Cinderella		16	1 1/2 "	35c	"
Theodore, Jr.		7	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Rebecca's Triumph		16	2 "	35c	"
Aboard a Slow Train in Missouri	8	14	2 1/2 "	35c	"
Twelve Old Maids		15	1 "	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8		1 1/4 "	25c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Boy Scouts	20		2 "	35c	"
A Close Shave	6		1 1/2 "	25c	"
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c	"
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		3/4 "	25c	"
On the Quiet	12		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The People's Money	11		1 3/4 "	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
A Regular Scream	11		1 3/4 "	35c	"
Schmerecase in School	9	1	"	25c	"
The Scoutmaster	10	2	"	35c	"
The Tramps' Convention	17		1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c	"
Wanted—a Pitcher	11		1/2 "	25c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14	2	"	25c	"
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1 1/4 "	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1 "	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1 "	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1 1/2 "	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number	2	"	35c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	3/4 "	25c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1 "	25c	"
Taking the Census in Blagville	14	8	1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2 "	35c	"
O'Keefe's Circuit	12	8	1 1/2 "	35c	"

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